YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

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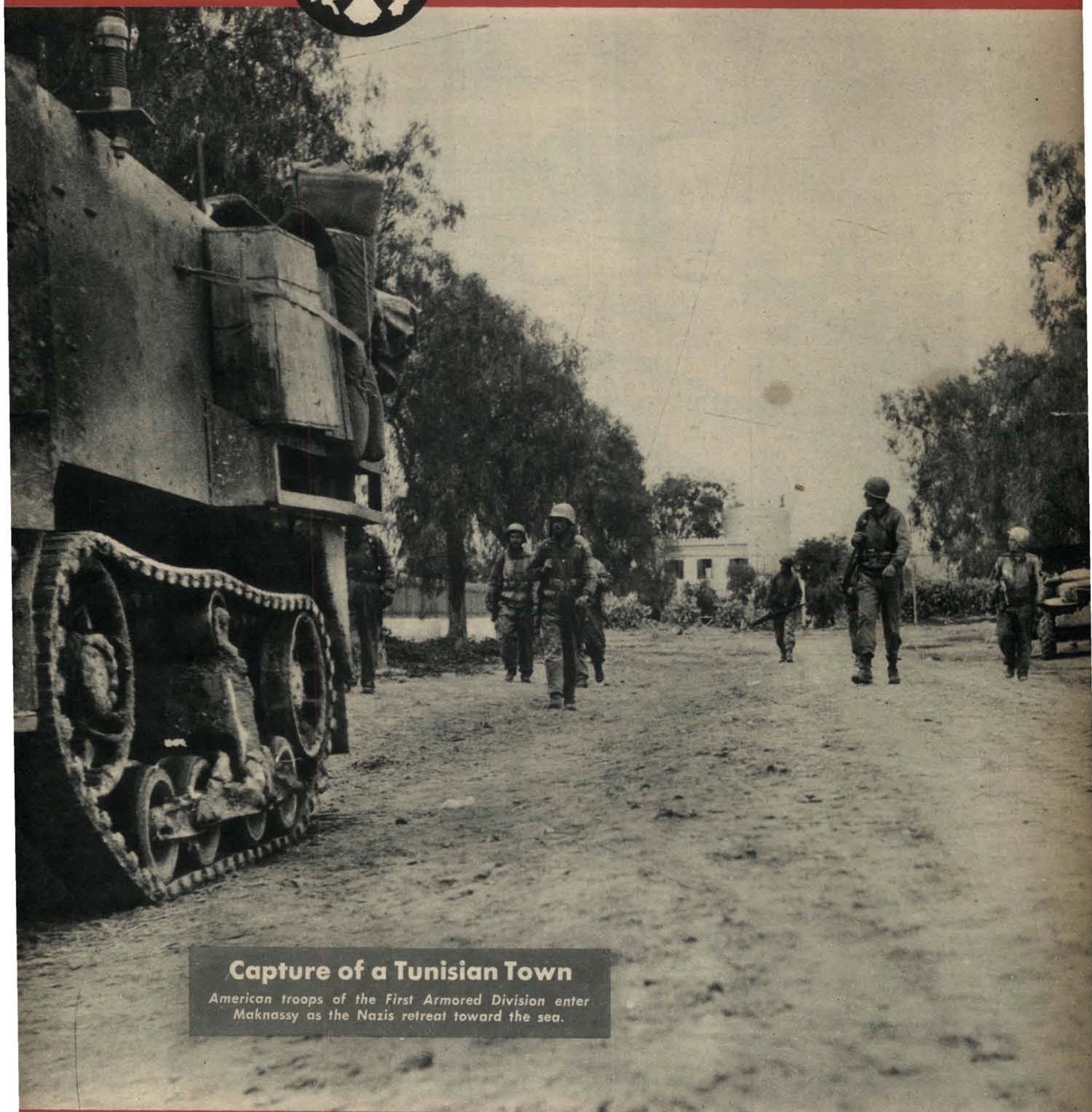
By the men . . for the men in the service



Capture of a Tunisian Town

American troops of the First Armored Division enter Maknassy as the Nazis retreat toward the sea.

Pictures from the Front Lines in Tunisia

ALSO SEE PAGES 2, 3, 12, 13

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Atop a light tank outside Maknassy, this Yank looks toward the next objective.

Pvt. Albert J. Blake of Dorchester, Mass., moved up with Armored Infantry outfit.

Driving Ahead In Tunisia

The first American photographer to enter El Guettar and Maknassy was YANK's Sgt. Pete Paris. Pete's camera was clicking all the time, and what he got you see on these pages and pages 1, 12 and 13 of this issue.

S/Sgt. Charles Lipe of Hillsboro, Ill., arrived in former Axis territory needing a shave.

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American Tank Destroyers square off with Rommel's best Panzers and flatten 30 of them before they run out of ammunition and have to make a get-away on foot.

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
YANK Field Correspondent

WITH THE AMERICAN FORCES ON THE TUNISIAN FRONT [By Radio] — The score against our side was minus 18 half tracks. On Jerry's side there were 30 tanks that wouldn't work any more.

Rommel had thrown in the armor of his prize Tenth Panzer Division to push back and if possible break through the American position near El Guettar—but there was an American Tank Destroyer outfit waiting for the Germans.

The steam-roller wave of enemy tanks started toward the American positions at 0530 o'clock. Concealed in the curves of the foothills in front of a long flat plain, the half-track crews waited until they could see the Jerry tanks rolling out of their own smoke screen; then they opened fire.

Almost immediately Lt. Charles Munn of Jackson, Mich., reported three hits by his platoon, but other German tanks that were not hit kept coming on.

Shortly afterward, mortar fire started blistering Munn's position. One Jerry made the sad mistake of stepping out of his Mark III to get a clearer picture of the action. Sharp-eyed Sgt. Milford Langlois of North Bangor, N. Y., spotted him and opened fire with his machine gun.

Curiosity killed another cat.

Just then the Nazis took time out for a short intermission while they regrouped their forces. Act II began at 1030 when Sgt. Hal Segit of Buffalo, N. Y., reported hits on three tanks. Later Sgt. Allen Breed of Memphis, N. Y., counted up six that he and his gunner, Cpl. John Sauklis of La Jolla, Calif., had knocked out.

One crew threw a lot of AP (armor-piercing) shells at a Mark IV, making it so hot that two Jerries jumped out. But with sharpshooter Langlois spotting them, they didn't run very far.

Munn's position soon got tough. An adjoining unit had withdrawn, cutting him off completely, and then the German 88s found the range and knocked out another half-track.

"Our position was *pas bon* (not so good)," Munn said.

And it became more and more *pas bon* at about 1500 o'clock when Munn's men had only one gun left and the Axis artillery and dive bombers started really bothering them. But they still stood fast, working in relays so that they could keep up a steady fire with their single gun.

Finally the time came when ammunition officer Lt. John Perry of Ithaca, N. Y., had to radio headquarters there wasn't any more ammunition to pass. The order came back: "Wait until dark and try to bring out the vehicles. If it gets too hot, destroy the vehicles and come out on foot."

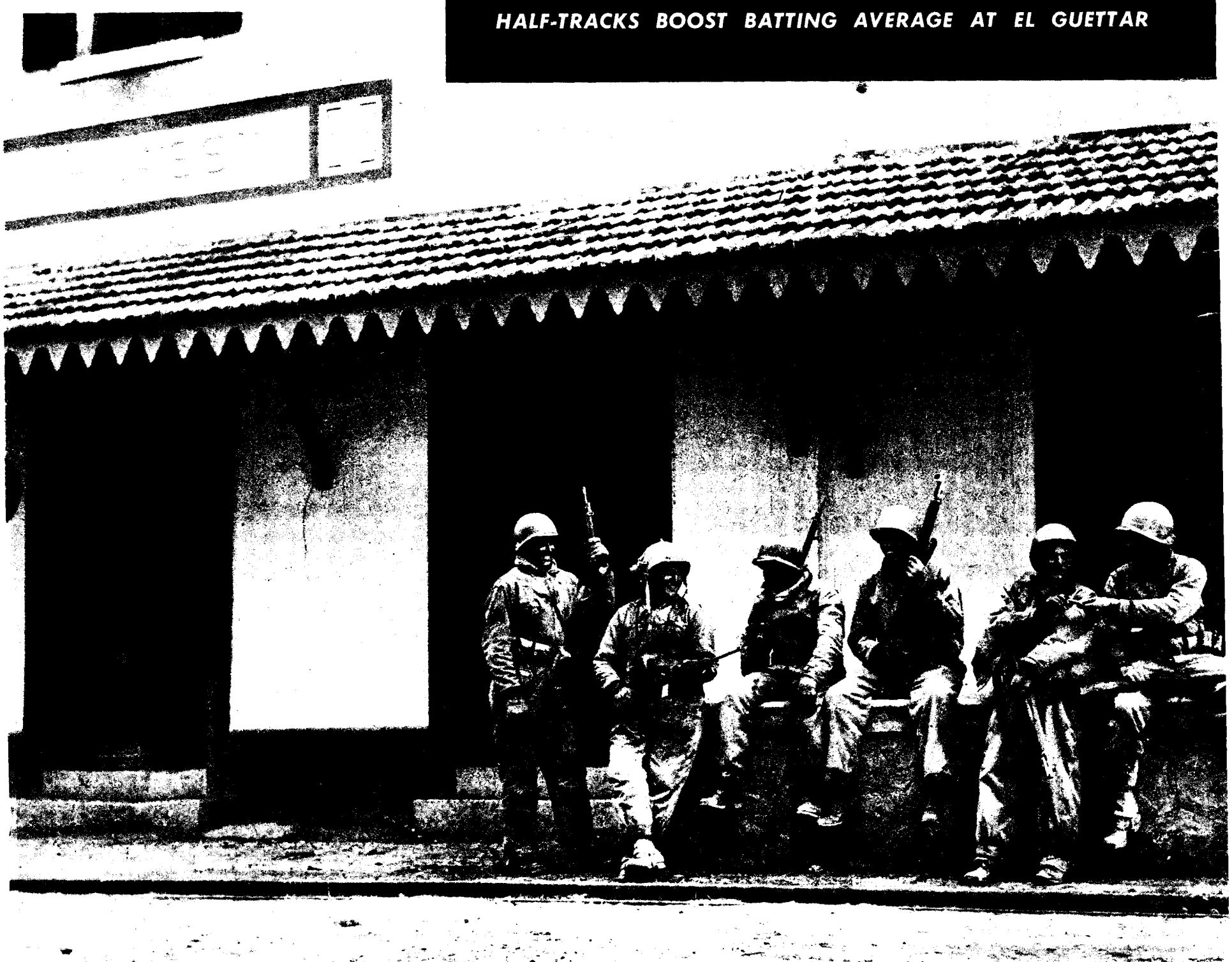
It got too hot. With one gun and no ammunition left and all the artillery, mortar and tank fire coming right at the position, while a strong German infantry force began moving up, it was decided to clear out—but fast.

A small squad of volunteers stayed behind to destroy the one gun and the few vehicles remaining. One of the boys tried to make a run for it with a half-track, but he didn't quite make it.

"He was one of my best men, too," Munn said.

The men who were left made for the hills

HALF-TRACKS BOOST BATTING AVERAGE AT EL GUETTAR



Six members of a U. S. Armored Infantry reconnaissance group "take 10" at the railroad station after Maknassy fell to the Americans.

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skirting the ridges like goats, hiking six miles past the Nazi outposts and finally reaching the main line without losing a man.

"All of us were pretty happy about getting back, but we were still plenty sore about one thing," Munn said. "There was a German officer riding back and forth in one of our jeeps using it as an ammunition carrier. The boys would have given a month's rations if they could have recaptured that jeep."

Not too far away from Munn's boys was another platoon led by Lt. John Yowell of Houston, Tex. Yowell's group, the last to leave the battle area, chalked up six Nazi tanks.

In the short fighting life of 10 minutes, one half-track crew of this platoon blasted two enemy tanks. Chief of section Sgt. Adolph Raymond of Cranston, R. I., holding a position 300 yards in front of the Field Artillery, had a giant Mark VI for his first customer. Five rounds bounced off this baby like BBs, but the sixth hit the tank turret and started it smoking. In a quick swing to the left at the same range, Raymond's crew shot up a Mark IV, which burst into flames.

Then suddenly the half-track was hit, throwing the crew into the air and shaking them up pretty badly. Luckily nobody was really hurt. The crew included T/5 Milton Jones of Mechanic Falls, Maine; Pvt. Alex Rybski of Watertown, N. Y.; Pfc. Charles Moore of Apollo, Pa., and Pvt. Leonard Carriero of Port Washington, N. Y.

Another half-track in Lt. Yowell's platoon also had a field day in that battle, but it lasted longer. At 1,000 yards this unit hit a Mark IV right beneath the bogie wheels, then blew it up a few seconds later with high explosive shells. The crew got another Mark IV with a single round and 30 minutes later got a third victim square and solid, sending it up in flames.

Finally, when the unit was out of everything except smoke ammunition, it was ordered to retire. The section leader was Cpl. Victor Hamel of Newmarket, N. H., and his unit included Pvt. Adam Olish of Adah, Pa.; T/5 Vincent Macri of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Pfc. T. W. Henry of Lenoir, N. C., and Pvt. James Kennedy of the Bronx, N. Y.

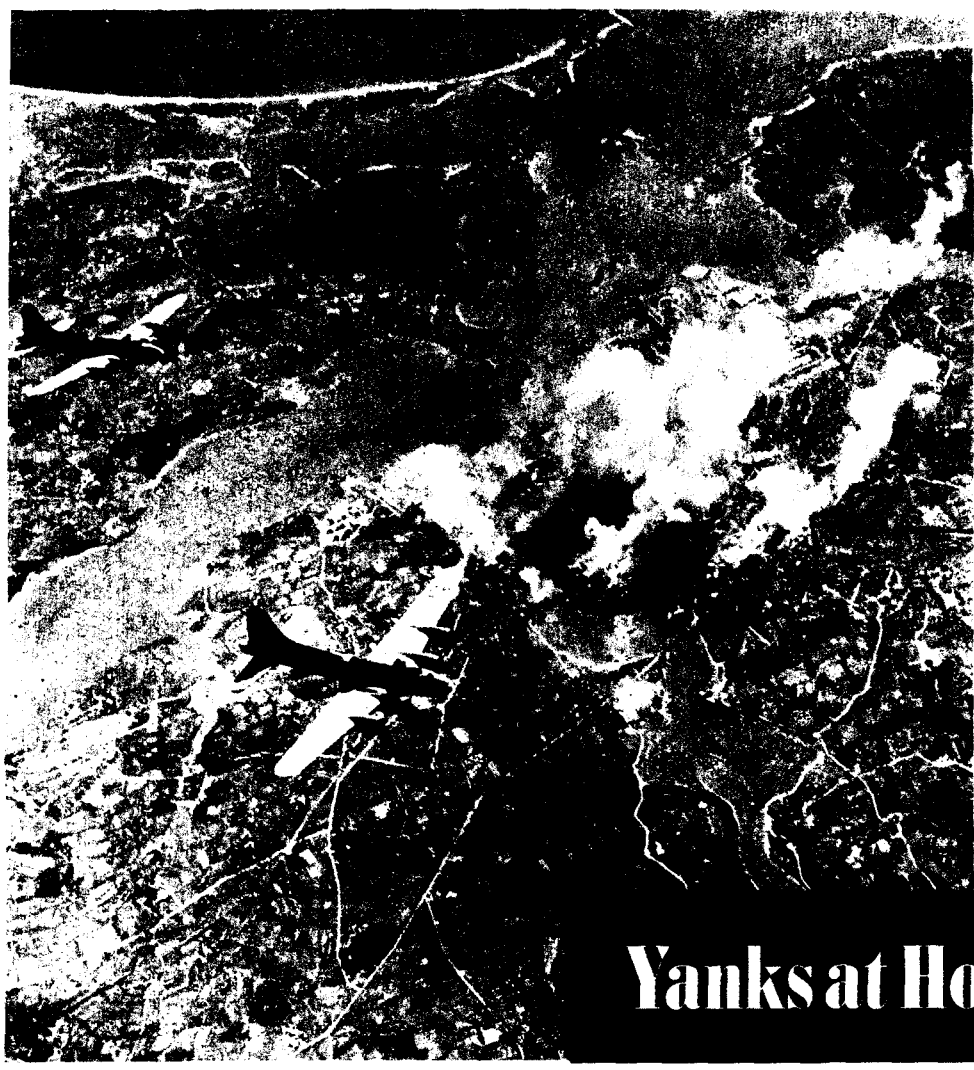
A ¾-ton weapons carrier, which was being used to evacuate the wounded, attracted heavy fire. By turning his 50-caliber machine gun on some German infantry 500 yards away, Platoon Sgt. Michael Stima of Troy, N. Y., drew all the enemy fire to himself and enabled the carrier to sneak through.

"You know," Stima said, "there were a hell of a lot of Jerries in that one spot. But after I was shooting a while, they just seemed to disappear."

Lt. Yowell likes to tell this one: Several Jerry tanks came down the road toward his position. When they were less than 600 yards away, Yowell turned to a gunner, Sgt. Willis N. E. Smith of Thomasville, Ga., and yelled, "Why don't you fire?"

"Well, sir," the sergeant said casually, "I think I will wait until they come a little bit closer."

The day went well.



Yanks at Home Abroad

U. S. Flying Forts start back after blasting U-Boat base at Lorient, France.

Yanks and Aussies catch tank ride through mild New Guinea muck

He Had Never Cut a Man Open But He Could Do It When He Tried

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

HAWAII [By Cable]—Whenever the U.S.S. *Silversides* started on a new cruise into enemy waters, the men would say, "Can you take out an appendix, Doc?"

"Hell, yes," 22-year-old Tom Moore, pharmacist's mate first class, of Chino Valley, Ariz., would reply.

He only hoped that no one would take him seriously, since there are no doctors among the 60-odd men of a submarine crew. But George Platter, fireman 2d class, of Buffalo, N.Y., called his bluff.

"I'm afraid it's appendicitis, sir," Moore reported to Lt. Comdr. E. C. Burlingame of Louisville, Ky., after examining Platter.

"Good God, man! Do you know where we are?" the Old Man asked. "We couldn't be much closer to Japan if we were on the highway to Tokyo."

"It has to come out, sir," Moore replied.

"OK," the Old Man said.

"Take it out," Platter said.

That evening, the *Silversides* surfaced for a few minutes. There were no enemy vessels in sight, and she submerged almost immediately. Then the operation got underway.

In the middle of the tiny ward room, about 9 feet long and 6 feet wide, they covered the mess table with layers of sheets, and carefully lifted Platter on to it.

"I thought, 'By God, you're really going to kill a man this time,'" Moore reported later. Then he remembered the hundreds of appendectomies he'd seen during his two years at San Diego Navy Hospital, and all the operations he'd studied in the medical books he was always reading.

He winked at Platter. "This is going to hurt you more than it does me, old man," he cracked.

That was at 10:15 P.M. An hour and 40 minutes later the original spinal injection had worn off.

"I could feel him tugging at my guts," Platter said later. He asked for ether.

Lt. Comdr. Roy Davenport of Kansas City, Kans., and Dick Stegall, chief radio man from Nashville, Tenn., helped administer it. The clock on the wall ticked slowly; sweat rolled down Moore's back. By 1 A.M., Moore breathed with relief. The appendix was out.

"It took me a little time to find it," he explained.

Comdr. Davenport started to pray a little then. Over and over again, he repeated the words of the first verse of the Forty-Sixth Psalm: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

At 3:30 A.M. Moore had completed the appendectomy that has already become a legend among the submarines of the Pacific. When the *Silversides* surfaced a few minutes later she engaged an enemy vessel, and after she submerged, the

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enemy dropped depth charges intermittently for several hours.

Moore drank most of a quart of whisky, a present from the Old Man. Platter slept, and eight days later was back at work. They've placed the appendix on the *Silversides* trophy board, along with a Jap fishing net and hook, and a few other souvenirs of missions successfully completed and battles won.

It Was a Dull Sunday on Convoy But Guys Saw History Being Made

SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC—It was just another troopship nuzzling its way through the North Atlantic. The ocean was restlessly kneading its muscles that morning, and down in the holds the men were sprawled listlessly in their sacks. It was Sunday morning, but it didn't matter much after a couple of weeks at sea. Just more bunk fatigue.

Then the ship's PA system rasped out something about a ceremony which would be held in No. 5 hold. Probably just a lot of the usual ceremony that comes whenever the flag is displayed.

And it started that way. An Army chaplain said the things Army chaplains always say at solemn moments. The CO of the troops sliced it Southern style. A Naval officer spoke. It all came through the PA system, interlaced with recordings of the usual patriotic music.

But then in that No. 5 hold a white-haired gentleman prepared to deliver the oath of citizenship to six sailors and 11 soldiers. He seemed strangely out of place there, with his civilian suit and his white hair. Uniforms and youth seemed to blend into the troopship's background. But this man with the quiet precise way of speaking—you could picture him beside a fireplace with a book or a grandchild.

The 11 soldiers and the six sailors raised their right hands and mumbled, phrase by phrase, the oath that made them citizens of the United States of America. The men had come from Canada, Scotland, England, Ireland, China, the Philippines. For the first time in history, it was announced, citizens of the U. S. had been made on the high seas. It caught the imagination somehow. Men already in the uniform of the Army and Navy becoming citizens—out where the tin fish swim. It made all the usual things said unusually true.

The elderly gentleman was, he said, especially empowered by the Immigration and Naturalization Section of the Department of Justice to streamline citizenship for men in service overseas. He told how he was prepared to visit the outposts of the world doing that kind of work.

When it was all over we were stronger by 17 men. It was hard to explain how it had been done. But somehow we felt we had done a good day's work, that it wasn't just another day of bunk fatigue.

History had been made in No. 5 hold, and we had had a share in it.

The men, huddled along the benches flanking the promenade deck, talked about it as they watched the waves. It went up and down the chow line. "I was wondering about him," a tall sergeant said. "He's that old guy who looks like a professor or something and wears civvies."

Then he added, "But he's wearing GI shoes."

—Cpl. DENNIS WIEGAND
YANK Staff Correspondent

First Jeep Outfit in New Guinea Still Goes Where the Infantry Goes

NEW GUINEA [By Cable]—A QM trucking unit, known to the fighting men of this sector as the "Jeep Outfit," was the first of its kind in the Army.

Formed just before the American Infantry went to New Guinea, the Jeep Outfit loaded its vehicles on some of the first transport planes carrying our airborne infantrymen into action. No sooner had the planes landed on the north side of Papua than the jeeps popped out to carry the men and supplies to bivouac areas.

As the infantrymen pushed into the jungles in a drive toward Buna, the jeeps followed them. The drivers carried axes, machetes and other tools so that they could hack trails through the dense foliage. Through this thick growth, through mud that often came up to the floorboards, through streams and man-high Kunei grass, the jeeps got food, ammunition and medical supplies from the airstrips, or the shore, to the front—or as close to the front as they could get before native carriers took over.

Today these jeeps have 2,000 or 3,000 miles behind them; not one has had to be replaced, not one has been in a smash-up and not one driver has been injured.

Practically all of the men in the outfit were infantrymen, transferred into the unit because of disabilities that would hamper them as combat troops. They call themselves the "Eight Ball Outfit."

They work in three eight-hour shifts so that there are jeeps on the road 24 hours a day. But there were times when the need for their cars was so great many of them drove 17 or 18 hours without a let-up. They carry C rations with them and eat en route. After a few brushes with Jap snipers they added rifles and pistols to their equipment.

One of the ace drivers is S/Sgt. Roy Abbott of Lewiston, Idaho. Before joining the Army he had been a parachute jumper in the U. S. Forestry Service. He tried to get into the Paratroops but he was rejected because of his age. He was 33 years old.

In four months Abbott has done everything from towing field guns, carrying litters of wounded men, hauling hefty aerial bombs and lugging assault boats for use on the rivers to transporting generals on inspection tours.

Other drivers the men consider good are Sgt. Albert Di Pasquale of Belfry, Mont., who was a marble grinder back home, and Sgt. Paul Stiritz, former lumberman from Alton, Ill.

Keeping the jeeps running day and night, week after week, is the responsibility of S/Sgt. Walter Ray of Tuolumne, Calif., motor sergeant who used to work in an oil refinery. He built a grease rack of coconut palm logs and made his maintenance garage in a jungle thicket.

"Springs are the things we have trouble with," he says. "These corduroy roads play havoc with them."

His assistant mechanic is Sgt. Benedict Klappa of Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., who was a paper mill worker in civilian life.

Every driver has had his share of mishaps which gripe him at the time but give him a laugh later on. Pfc. Joe Nagler Jr., former rig builder from Artesia, Calif., was blazing a new trail through the dense undergrowth of an old battleground when suddenly his jeep dropped from under him into a machine gun pit full of water. Soaked to the skin Nagler spent half an hour bailing out his jeep and another hour getting it out of the hole.

Pfc. Earl D. Murray of Osnabrock, Wis., was driving his jeep down an ocean road when a blackout alarm sounded. Turning off his headlights he continued to scoot along until suddenly there was a splash and he felt water around his ankles. He jammed on the brakes and found himself in the surf.

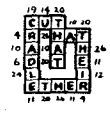
Other units have brought their own jeeps up now, but the men of the original outfit are proud of what a staff officer of an Infantry division told them: "Your jeeps were a definite factor in the success of the Buna-Gona campaign."

—Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

In this Signal Corps photo from Guadalcanal battle-tough Yanks inspect some Jap trophies.

TEE-TOTAL

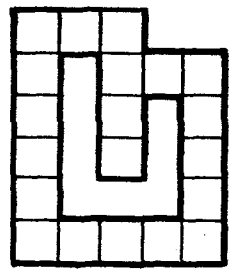
PRIZES are given to the GIs who submit the highest Tee-Total scores in each competition. If you haven't taken a whack at this word game, try it now. It's easy—and you may win one of YANK'S Puzzle Kits.



Here's how: Simply fill the diagram with 6 good English words. No proper nouns. Then total up the individual scores of the 20 letters used, giving each letter a numerical value as shown on the chart. The idea is to use letters of high value. A sample workout is shown at the left above with a score of 304. Can you beat that par?

LETTER VALUES

A	10	N	2
B	7	O	13
C	19	P	9
D	6	Q	21
E	11	R	4
F	8	S	1
G	3	T	20
H	26	U	14
I	12	V	25
J	22	W	18
K	23	X	17
L	24	Y	15
M	5	Z	16



Score.....Submitted by:

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Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., within 2 weeks from the date of this issue for entries from the U. S., within two months for overseas entries. [5/7]

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They've Got No Beer in Fiji And the Gals Never Heard of Sarong

SOMEWHERE IN FIJI—Fiji is one of the wettest spots on earth. The annual rainfall could be measured in yards, as it usually runs from 10 to 12 feet for the year.

It has rained as much as 30 inches in a night here, perhaps a world's record.

For those Yanks who can get to Suva, Fiji's capital and largest town, things aren't so bad. The port city has a population of around 15,000, mostly natives, half-castes and Indians, with a few Chinese. English, Australians and New Zealanders comprise a small percentage of the populace.

Gin and rum are always on sale and Scotch whisky can be had at infrequent intervals. Beer is a rarity among beverages, however, and a cold bottle of American brew is priceless.

A ship unloaded some cases at Suva for a detachment of sailors stationed there. As soon as the word got around, soldiers were bidding wildly for the stuff. One lieutenant offered a gob $24 for a case of suds—and the sailor turned him down without batting an eye.

The native drink, *kava*, a musty-tasting beverage quaffed by Fijians for years, has been tried by thirsty Yanks—with varying effects. Most of those who have managed to keep it down report that something resembling paralysis usually sets in, beginning with the ankles and working up.

Fiji women are much like other native females of South Pacific Islands. There definitely is no resemblance to the sarong-clad beauties Hollywood has led us to believe abound hereabouts.

The Fiji girls are black, and Fiji rain, wind and sun have played havoc with their tresses. They have plenty of hair and it all stands straight up off their heads. They like color, too, but the imaginative Fijians don't confine their hair dyes to conservative reds and browns. They prefer orange and purple.

For attire the Fiji girl drops a white cotton sack over her head and wraps herself in a red polka-dot skirt that touches the ground.

The native men also sport the bushy hair and all have Charles Atlas physiques.

The Fijians are a friendly, smiling people and are eager to help the Yanks in the war effort. Many are employed on various Army construction jobs.

Just a few decades ago, however, their ancestors terrorized the South Pacific with their cannibalism. Times have changed.

—Cpl. WILLIAM F. HAWORTH
YANK Staff Correspondent

2d Lt. Marjorie Dick of Travers City, Mich.

Nurses Want Flat GI Helmets; They'd Be Lots Easier to Bathe In

IN THE FIELD WITH THE PERSIAN GULF SERVICE COMMAND—The nurses here are equipped with GI helmets. They take the helmets and fill them full of water. They set them on the galley stove until the water boils. Then each takes a helmet full of hot water back to quarters and has a good bath.

Even the doggies in tents have life a little easier than this. The reason the nurses have to put up with such catch-as-catch-can cleanliness is because they live on a boat.

Many a week they sailed on their way to Iran and their new Army home. And when they found that home, it was a large, two-story hospital barge—labelled houseboat to ease the shock—floating peacefully on a nameless Persian river.

The nurses took it with a grin. Most of the girls on the barge, there are 30 of them, agree with Kay Wheelan of Framingham, Mass.

"Iran's not so bad, even the river life, now that we're used to it," says Kay. "But, believe me, it took a little getting used to. Only suggestion I could make to the War Department right now would be to flatten out those GI hats. Make them a lot easier to wash out of."

Their houseboat, according to most of them, is more rollicksome than the transport that brought them across. It is very sensitive to weather, and not much of a wave is needed to start it tossing. Waves come from other than natural causes, too, when homesick GIs pass by in powerboats to gaze at the fluttering array of lingerie drying on the off-shore clothesline of the barge.

Their home is sensitive from top as well as from bottom. A good stiff rain, and in Iran it *rains*, will come right through the roof. One night it got so grim that the gals had to struggle out of bed in pretty disarray at 2 A.M., to chop holes in the top deck and drain away the water threatening their lower deck dormitory.

Having solved this water problem and rescued soaked stockings and clothes, they remembered it was the birthday of Marguerite Flannagan of Keene, N. H. Since they were already up, it seemed a good time to celebrate. So it was that a passing sentry on the dock was startled at 3:30 A.M. by the strains of "Happy Birthday, Dear Marguerite."

Going to work is accomplished partly by boat, partly by motor ambulance. Their dormitory on the first deck is roomy and comfortable, colorful with bright red blankets of the British hospital type. Only sad note is that no boy friends' pictures decorate the walls. No reason is given for this. None would deny that she had a boy friend but none would produce a picture.

Social life is adequate but nothing more. The old Army ban makes the girls fair game only for officers, but American and British officers and some civilians supply plentiful competition. There are occasional dances at officers' clubs. For the rest there are rides in *bellems* (native boats), some movies at the nearby camp, and bargaining at the bazaars.

Some of the houseboat crew, like Harriet Williams, brown-eyed willowy first looey chief nurse, have been at nursing for some time now, and mean to stick at it. Others just want that vine-covered cottage after the war's over.

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

What's Your Problem?

Dear YANK:

I am 18 years old, and when I enlisted I understood I could choose any branch of the service I preferred. I chose the Cavalry but through a misunderstanding I was sent to the Coast Artillery. I want to know if it is possible to be reassigned.

—Pvt. ISAAC HADDOCK
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

■ Up until Dec. 5, 1942, to encourage enlistment, the Army gave young men of 18 and 19 the opportunity to pick any one of the eight combat branches in which they wanted to serve. If you enlisted during that period, obtain a copy of your enlistment papers and give them to your CO. He should reassign you.

Dear YANK:

I was a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force for about 17 months. In October 1942 I transferred to the U. S. Air Force. I married an English girl when I enlisted in the American Forces and now draw an allowance for her. From this information, please answer the following questions:

When I am ordered back to the States will my wife be allowed to return with me on an Army transport? [*No.*]

Does the Government furnish transportation for her? [*That question has not been determined, but there may be information in the future. Watch WD circulars and* YANK.]

Can she return with me *before* the war is over? [*No.*]

If she is also in the service (Women's Auxiliary Air Force) can she get her release to return with me? [*As with the preceding question, the answer is no. As for getting a release from the WAAFs, that's up to the WAAFs.*]

After the war to whom must I apply to obtain a permit for her to return to the U. S.? [*There is no set policy at this time. The immigration authorities will decide when the war is over.*]

As I enlisted in London, will I be discharged there? [*Much depends on where you are stationed at the end of the war. It is the custom, however, for the Army to furnish you transportation—at its own convenience—to your legal U. S. residence.*]

Will I have to pay income tax on pay earned with the RCAF, also on flying pay? [*Yes.*]

If I become a prisoner of war, does my pay go on? [*Yes.*]

If I am killed, can my wife become a citizen of the U. S. above the usual quota? [*No.*]

Can I stay in this country after the war? [*British immigration authorities have not decided yet.*]

—Sgt. JOHN C. HASTY
England

Dear YANK:

In March 1942 I received an appointment in the Post Office Department as a clerk. Around May 2 I received my card, 1-A, and knew that I would be called into the Army soon. I told my foreman about my 1-A status and asked for a few weeks off to straighten things out. He agreed, but two weeks later I received a card from my postmaster to the effect I had been discharged. Do you think that is fair? If I come out of this alive I won't have a job.

—Pvt. ERNEST C. KNAPP
3d Army Casual Center, Leesville, La.

■ If you were a permanent employee of the Post Office with a Civil Service appointment, you are entitled to reestablishment in your old position or to a similar position with like seniority, status and pay.

One of the main functions of your local draft board is to take up your case and render every possible assistance in securing your reemployment in your old position. Therefore you should present the full facts in your case, such as your Civil Service classification, type of job, and the dates involved, to the reemployment division of your draft board. The board will make an investigation for you and determine whether or not you should be carried on a military furlough or leave of absence by the Post Office Department.

As far as the Federal Government is concerned your right to reemployment, if certain conditions are fulfilled, is protected to the hilt.

Dear YANK:

During maneuvers at Camp Crowder last year I was in a jeep wreck and cut my forehead. Since then I have been getting headaches when wearing the M1 helmet. I went on sick call in February and have been in the hospital here at Camp Forrest, Tenn., ever since. Now I am up for a CDD, and I want to know if there is any way in which I can stay in the Army. I realize that my discharge depends on the Army doctor's decision. However, can you tell me if the doctor's recommendation for discharge can be appealed—and if so to whom? Also, if I have to take the CDD, can I offer my services to some GI cause? I am not happy unless I am doing something that has bearing on military life.

—Cpl. RICHARD A. MASON
Camp Forrest, Tenn.

■ The decision on your discharge will not rest with one doctor alone. Instead, a Medical Board of Survey decides on your case. Their recommendation will be final, but if you wish to make an appeal they will be glad to listen and may possibly recommend you for limited service. The board also will decide if your disability was incurred in the execution of your duty. If it was you're eligible for a pension. They also will decide whether you need further hospitalization. If you lose your appeal and can't remain in the Army, you can report to the reemployment committeeman of your local draft board who will place you in a good job essential to the war effort.

Dear YANK:

I read in YANK that men drafted into the armed forces will be reemployed in the event they receive a Certificate of Disability Discharge. That is a grand thing the Government is doing for the selective servicemen, but what about men like me who joined the Army before the Selective Service went into effect? Do we get the same break?

—Sgt. SAM LOPEZ
Lowry Field, No. 2, Colo.

■ All men honorably discharged from the Army, whether or not they entered by enlistment or by the operation of the Selective Service law, receive the benefits of the reemployment division of the Selective Service System.

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YANK FICTION

Hopeless McGonigle's Brother Wins the DSC

By S/Sgt. L. A. BRODSKY

IT IS right after mail call, and me, Stripeless Murphy, and my main associate, Hopeless McGonigle, is reclining on our GI Beautyrests in Leaky Gables, which is the name what we give our home away from home for the duration.

I am just finishing reading a long explanation from a certain chick about how come she ain't home when I make a LD station-to-station call what sets me back a sawbuck to talk to her old lady, when Hopeless says to me, "Stripeless," he says to me, "I am puzzled."

This is a normal state of affairs, so I says, "What causes your puzzlement?"

"My brother," says Hopeless.

"I don't even know you got a brother," says I.

"I got a lotta brothers," says Hopeless, "because my old man is always unemployed and hanging around the house. But this ain't neither hither or thither, because this letter what I am in receipt of is from my brother what is known as One-and-One-Makes-Three McGonigle."

"So," says I, "what?"

"He is formerly in the Army," says Hopeless, "and he is now out."

"Why?" says I.

"I don't know," says Hopeless, "but in this letter he says something about street cleaning which he is getting for a reward."

"What you mean?" queries I.

"He got a DSC, what anybody knows stands for department of street cleaning."

"You," says I, "are a dope. Let me see the letter." This is what I read:

"Dear Bro. Hopeless," the letter starts out. "It is a long time since I am having the opportunity to write to you a letter, because as you know, I am with a Infantry outfit on a certain island where we are very busy swatting mosquitos and little guys what eight out of 10 wear glasses and got buck teeth which we kick out. The reason I got time to write is because I am now under the care of a bunch of pill rollers which is having a swell time putting me together like I used to be. I am all broken up following a certain thing for which I get a DSC and maybe even a Purple Heart."

Hopeless says to me, "Hey, Stripeless, see what my brother says about a Purple Heart. I am worried as I am thinking that my old grandmother, may she rest in peace, is dying of a purple heart and also diabetes."

"You are," says I, "a jerk. Let me continue this letter." I read on.

"So Bro.," continues the letter, "I shall tell you how I am getting busted up to pieces almost. It is like this.

"Last Wednesday I am sitting on a rock gnawing on my iron rations, when the lieut. comes up and says, 'McGonigle, I got a very important mission for you to execute.' To make a long story short I am getting a job as a advanced scout on the lookout for the enemy.

"So, I goes off into the jungle and locates a hollow tree what I climb into. I ain't in the tree no minute and a half when I hear two guys talking in a language what sounds like Donald Duck with static.

"Aha, says I to me, this must be the rats.

"I am correct.

"I peek out a knothole and I see two of these little guys talking and one of them finally goes away and the other climbs into the tree what I am inside of and he hangs from a branch and starts throwing lead in the immediate vicinity of the direction from what I am coming from.

"I don't like this situation on account of there is a couple of guys back in camp what owe me dough from last pay day and if they get themselves air conditioned by this son of Tojo I ain't never going to collect my investment, so One-and-One, says I to me, you gotta stop this guy from being a nuisance and perchance making null and void several just debts you got outstanding. OK, I answers me, and starts looking around.

"This tree what I am squirreled up in is very narrow and I ain't got no maneuverability with a gun, but the tree is empty all the way up to the branch on which the son of the rising sun is located on, so I crawls on up to the branch to investigate. When I get up there I find that I can reach out and touch the Nip on account of there is a hole in the tree.

"I start thinking. One-and-One says I to me, what are the brass hats always talking about. Firepower, I answers me in a flash. OK, One-and-One, I replies, you gotta use firepower. So I pull out a box of matches and go to work.

"Start at the bottom and work up is a good motto, I think, so I give this guy a hotfoot. I insert a match in the guy's shoe and light it. There is no response and the match goes out.

"You gotta increase the firepower, says I to me, so I inserts two matches and light them. There still ain't no reaction. If I don't see it with my own eyes I would believe that I am dealing with a corpse as there ain't no guy what is still living that never jumped to a One-and-One-Makes-Three hotfoot. This situation is making me very angry. My professional pride is hurt. So I do something which ain't strictly ethical, but I am figuring that all is fair in love and war.

"I remember that the brass hats is always talking about strategy and attacking from the rear, so I take the packet of matches and stick them in the Jap's back pocket and light it. A merry blaze on the spot of the Jap's anatomy where the back goes off into the legs is the result. It blazes brightly.

"*Banzai*, yells the Jap and jumps off the tree.

"When I get down to the ground the Jap is got a broken neck and is dead besides.

"Your Faithful Bro.

"One-and-One-Makes-Three.

"P.S. When they hear about what I do to the Jap I get a DSC.

"P.S. Jr. The reason I am in the hospital is because I try to collect my just debts and the guys what owe me the money find out I am charging interest. The lieut. thinks I get these wounds in battle."

I hand the letter back to Hopeless. "Hopeless," says I, "a DSC is a medal and you should be proud of your brother.

"I am," says Hopeless, "except I am worried about that Purple Heart business on account of they put my uncle Joseph Aloysious McGonigle in the nut house when he said he had blue blood."

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SHUTTERBUGS

That inscription means "Situation Normal—All Film Underexposed," the slogan of a tough GI photo outfit that takes pictures of Jap installations up in the cold Andreanof Islands.

The Shutterbugs: Kneeling are Pfc. Richard Perry, T/Sgt. Robert L. Chamberlin and Cpl. Joseph E. Mecey. Standing: S/Sgt. John Potter, Sgt. Clifton B. Fowkes, Cpl. Francis Montalto, Pvt. Fletcher Franklin, Pfc. Carl Mackey and S/Sgt. Richard L. Hanks.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN AIR BASE IN THE ANDREANOFS—You can't tell the whole truth about the Shutterbugs, because if you did the Nips would know how much we know about them.

Already, out on Kiska and Attu, the Japs must be pop-eyed at the regularity and deadliness of Yank knock-out drops from this base. Chalk that up for the Shutterbugs—15 or more GI orphans who face death daily, armed only with a weapon as vicious looking as a pint-sized howitzer, loaded with a spool of celluloid.

On authority of the Intelligence officers who pore over each day's batch of pictures from the photo lab, a top-heavy percentage of the positive tactical information comes directly from the dark rooms of the aerial cameramen.

"Many a time," says Capt. Lee W. Kilgore of Chickasha, Okla., "I've seen the CG hold up all action until he sees the proof."

To Maj. Gen. W. O. Butler, commanding the Air Forces operating in this theater, the proof is in the pictures.

They Are Celluloid Commandos

Without the work of the photographers, several hazardous landing operations would not have been attempted. For besides sticking their necks out to locate enemy troop installations, ordnance areas, communications and antiaircraft emplacements, the Shutterbugs play the role of celluloid commandos to bring back to headquarters a portrait of an entire island.

Sometimes the photos are autographed in blood. Three of the original group of Aleutian cameramen have exposed their last negative.

The Shutterbugs are some of the most shot-at soldiers in the North Pacific. Take Sgt. Howard S. Dahl. The seat of his flying pants has squatted over enemy territory as many hours, and has been subjected to as much harassing ack-ack, as any enlisted man, officer or combat pilot in the Aleutian campaign. "Ole" Dahl wanted to break into the ski troops when he left his home on the slopes of Mount Hood to join the Army. Instead he learned aerial photography. During one year in Alaska, Ole has been on 25 bombing attacks and a total of 70 combat, weather and reconnaissance missions over Kiska, Agattu and Attu. So far he hasn't even tried on a pair of skis.

Almost as many missions are under the galluses of S/Sgt. John Potter, a Belle Plain (Iowa) lad who didn't even have photography as a hobby before he joined the Army, three years ago.

It was a picture by Potter that suddenly shifted the attention of bombardiers back to Attu last autumn, after the Japs had supposedly evacuated this westernmost island in the Aleutians. Potter's snapshot from the sky showed a destroyer and a transport snuggled in the harbor. Today Attu remains a prickly way station on bomb runs.

A bomb-sight view of a Jap ship blazing in Kiska harbor emerged from the camera of T/Sgt. Robert L. Chamberlin of Los Angeles, who hadn't clicked anything more complicated than a Brownie before he hooked up with Uncle Sam. Chamberlin's picture was reproduced in YANK and in virtually every news publication in America. A detail that picture didn't show was the three Zeros making a death swoop on the Flying Fortress in which he was riding.

All that Cpl. Joe Mecey knew about photography until he stepped into ODs in September 1940, was the price marked on the boxes of film he peddled over the counter in a Phoenix (Ariz.) drug store. Yet it was Cpl. Joe who brought back a spectacular photographic record of a crack-up of a B-24 that couldn't make it back to its base after a mission to Kiska. For 11 hours the Liberator cruised the soup until the gas began to sputter out, then crash landed on the first hump pushing out of the Bering Sea. Joe's scalp was laid open in the smash, but he kept his camera in action. Three days later he shot a complete picture story of the rescue by a Navy flying boat.

Pfc. Carl Mackey, a farmer boy from Joliet, Mont., sometimes wishes he were back behind the plow again. Like the day the B-24 he was shooting from plowed furrows in the clouds for eight hours over Attu in a strange, deadly game of cat and mouse. A few thousand feet below, a Jap ship was trying to sneak out of Attu harbor. Every time the vessel headed for open sea, the B-24 would circle back threateningly, and the boat would duck back toward shoreline. What the Jap skipper didn't know was that the Liberator itself was harmless. She had already laid her basket of eggs. The pilot, however, had radioed the ship's position, and at last, after eight hours of tedious circling, a flight of medium bombers and pursuit planes skimmed over the horizon, dived low and finished off the boat.

Closest call for S/Sgt. Richard L. ("Nancy") Hanks of North Hollywood, Calif., almost spoiled his Christmas when, a week before the holiday, a blast of antiaircraft fire punctured the wings of his ship 2,300 feet over Kiska.

Sgt. Clifton B. ("Scotty") Fowkes, former Los Angeles airplane mechanic, only caught his heart in his teeth once. That was on his 13th mission on Feb. 13 and his first zoom over Kiska in a B-25.

"That damn plane drops over the target so fast you're left in a world all your own with nothing to hang on to," said Scotty. "I was suspended in mid-air in the cabin, just like one of those Disney characters who walks over the edge of a cliff and hikes eight or 10 steps before he discovers it."

Pfc. Richard Perry, a Berkeley (Calif.) printer, arrived in Alaska seven months ago, and has already logged 19 combat missions. Newest of the

Sgt. Howard S. Dahl is one of the most shot-at guys in the North Pacific. In one year, Dahl has been on 25 bombing missions.

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Shutterbug crew is Pvt. H. F. ("Zoot Suit") Prendergast, a Baltimore retail food salesman.

Five of the Shutterbugs who made their living behind the lens before the war are W/O Herbert G. Spees of Fulton, Ky., for more than a dozen years instructor in Army photographic schools; Pvt. John Beulick, Bell & Howell production man from Chicago; Pvt. Fletcher ("Flash") Franklin, Springfield (Mo.) press cameraman; Pvt. R. G. ("Shorty") Tourville, Detroit photoengraver; and Cpl. Francis ("Monty") Montalto, who operated a studio in Brooklyn. Monty is a veteran of the earliest days of North Pacific warfare.

One yarn of life-and-death resourcefulness is told by W/O Spees. It happened one day last August when his ship was returning to base from a 25,000-foot photo mission over Attu. The engineer threw the switch to draw fuel from the reserve tank. Something was amiss. The electrical pumping mechanism blew a fuse.

The guys began to sweat a little while the last spare fuse was installed. It blew too. By the time the short circuit causing the trouble was located, no fuses were left.

Everyone was peering down at the freezing water and bracing himself to hit the silk. Then inspiration came. "How about it?" One of the crew members said to the pilot. "Will you sacrifice your rank to save your life?" The officer yielded his silver bar. A crude fuse was fashioned. The pump snapped to life, and the plane landed safely an hour later with gasoline to burn.

Missions Total More Than 350

All tallied, the Shutterbugs have participated in more than 350 missions of all types over enemy territory. Approximately one-third of these have been low-level assaults with specific targets assigned for both bomb and camera.

It isn't as tough now as it was at first. Time was they'd pile out of the planes after an all-day mission, then roll up their sleeves and work in the darkroom all night, providing the dozens of sets of prints necessary for all the Intelligence centers. The only sleep they got was in the plane during the hours before they were alerted upon approaching the target. Now they are aided by a lab crew of five: S/Sgt. Barney Havens, Sgt. John Leeson, Cpls. James Polis and Sherman Springer, and Pfc. Roman Schoop.

In every GI gathering there's bound to be a "parson." Among the Shutterbugs, it's the meat packer from Fort Dodge, Iowa, Sgt. John S. Peterson, known in the lab as "Deck Level." For a long time the fellows ribbed Peterson for what they told him was an unnecessary pious view of life behind an aerial camera. One night Monty Montalto was trying to find his way over the hill to the latrine in the darkness without his flashlight. He heard a voice mumbling. He didn't mean to eavesdrop, but he couldn't help recognizing Peterson's voice. There, a few yards away, was "Deck Level" kneeling in prayer. And his prayer ended something like this: "And please, God, arrange for Franklin and Monty and Potter to make it back okay tomorrow, will you, God?"

Since that night the boys haven't been kidding "Deck Level."

For their insignia the Shutterbugs have settled on that quizzical bird, Snafu, peering through an aerial camera. To the Shutterbugs, Snafu means "SITUATION NORMAL ALL FILM UNDEREXPOSED."

That, however, it is not the whole truth. That won't come out until the day Yank troops take over Kiska. When that day arives, the spearhead forces will know how to march directly to the long dugout which houses the Nipponese command headquarters. They'll know where to place their grenades and artillery fire to demolish the submarine base and all the communication centers. They'll go kind of easy on the hut they know to be the *shuho*—the Nips' PX.

And it won't be because of all film underexposed.

In Next Week's YANK . . .

ENEMY GUNS

A collection of close-up photographs of captured German, Jap and Italian artillery pieces, rifles, mortars and small arms, with instructions that show you how to use them in case of a battlefield emergency.

Joe E. Brown, Traveling Showman

THE big-mouthed movie actor, Joe E. Brown, has been entertaining troops all over the Pacific war zones for the last few months. Here are three shots of Joe during his tour. Above, on the Fiji Islands, he seems to have found the local Joe E. Brown. At left, he witnesses a native Fiji ceremony reserved only for the most honored visitors. Below, you see Joe in Australia where he's being given a ride after making a hit with the Yanks.

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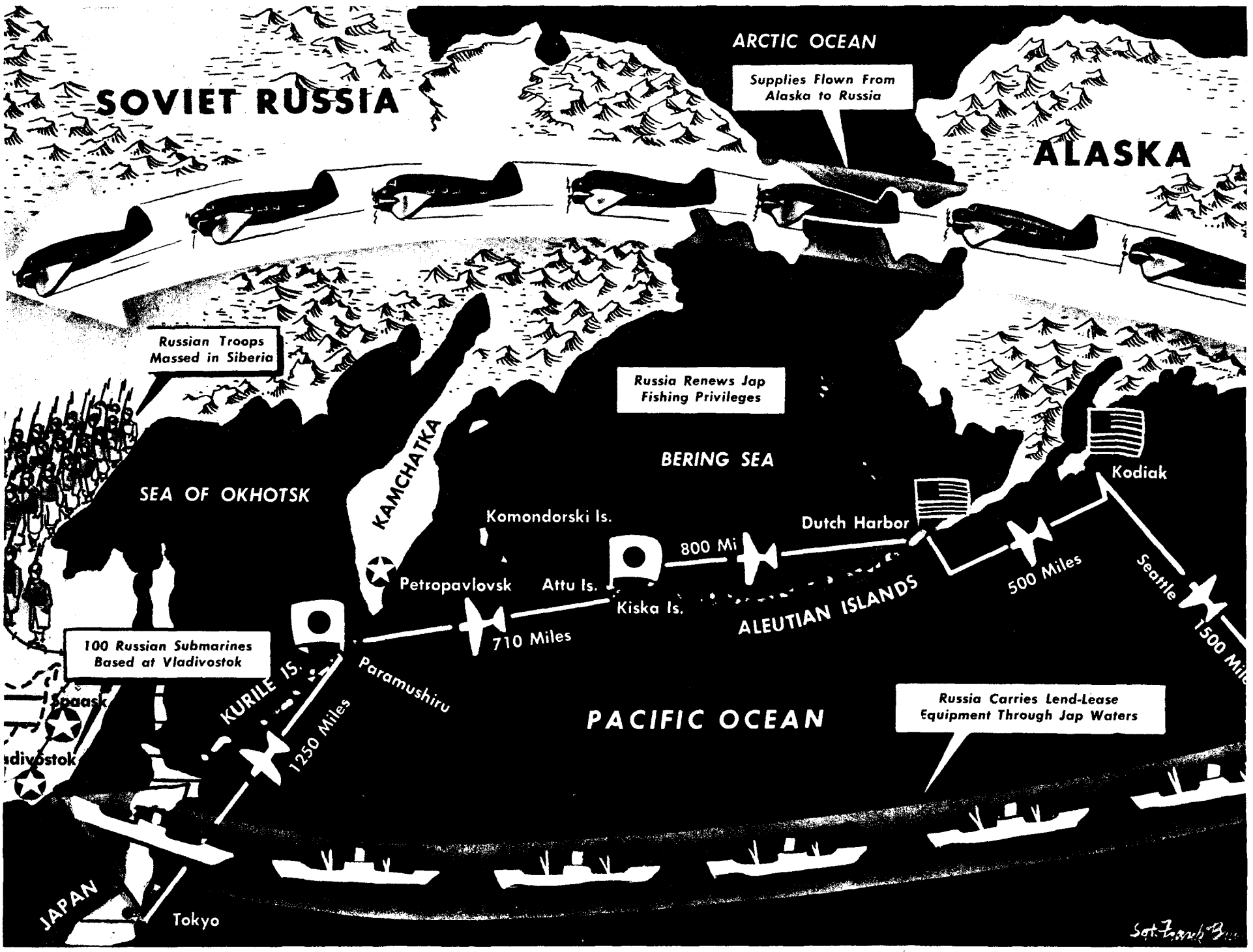

There Are Reasons for the Strange Peace Between Russia and Japan

The United Nations do not object to the neutrality of Moscow and Tokyo because that arrangement doesn't do Adolf Hitler any good.

ONE of the most fantastic situations in this world at war is the strict neutrality between the natural enemies, Russia and Japan. To most GIs, it doesn't make sense. But to the United Nations military leaders, it makes a lot of sense.

In the first place, it is a strange kind of neutrality. Two huge armies face each other across the Manchurian border, just waiting for the incident that will send them plowing into each other. Russia has a large force of troops in Siberia, well equipped and well trained. How great an army Japan has in Manchuria along the Siberian border is not known, but it is probably formidable, to put it mildly.

That the incident sending Russia and Japan into war against each other does not come off is no accident. Russia wants no part of a war with Japan right now. Japan wants no part of a war with Russia at the moment. But, more significantly, the United Nations do not want Russia to be diverted from the war against Germany by a conflict with Japan.

There are reasons for this. As for Japan, her food supply depends to a great extent on the fishing agreement she has had with Russia for many years. This agreement allows Japan to fish in Russian waters, particularly around the Kamchatka Peninsula, where the seas are literally alive with fish.

In return for this concession, Russia collects a huge payment in gold. In 1942, Russia upped the price 20 percent. In 1943, the Soviet Union upped it again 5 percent.

This is just the beginning of the explanation of this strange peace.

Russian ships, jammed to the gunwales with war equipment acquired in the U. S. to be used against Germany, Japan's ally, sail unmolested through Japanese waters to Russian ports in Siberia. Transport planes likewise loaded with materiel to be used against Hitler fly from Alaska to Siberia. And American fighting planes pour into Russia by way of Alaska to be used against Germany.

Russia, in turn, buys East Indian rubber, tin, tungsten and other valuable war materials from Japan—for use against Japan's ally.

Behind this set-up is understandable logic. Japan, in addition to needing the fishing privileges, wants time to develop the natural resources she has recently acquired in the Dutch East Indies and the Malay States; she needs to expand her war industries at home; she wants time to prepare herself for a long defensive war.

On the Allied side there are similar considerations. The United Nations want nothing to interfere with the concentration of Russian forces against Germany's eastern front. Even with the Soviets' sizable army in Siberia, a first-class war with Japan would necessitate diverting a considerable part of Russian troops and equipment away from the fighting front in Europe which is considered to be of primary importance. The United Nations do not want Russia, under any circumstances, to have to fight a war on two fronts.

That this is so was indicated by the American offensives in the Solomons and New Guinea in the summer of 1942. The fate of Stalingrad then hung in the balance, and it was strongly suspected in diplomatic quarters that it was at this time, when Russia was being badly pressed, that Japan was scheduled to make her bid against the Soviet Union in northeastern Asia. It was a purpose of the Allied offensives in the Southwest Pacific to divert Japan from Siberia.

In the meantime anybody can speculate on the future. Russia has excellent air bases within easy bombing range of Tokyo. One hundred submarines are based at Vladivostok. There are excellent air and naval bases at Petropavlovsk on Kamchatka, and the Komandorski Islands in the Bering Sea.

There is also a little history to be considered in this fantastic picture. The border clashes between Russia and Japan in 1938 and 1939 were, in actuality, major engagements in which the Nips lost heavily. Tojo's men aren't likely to want a repeat performance.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, 2 & 3, Sgt. Peter Paris. 4, left, PA; right, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 5 & 6, U. S. Signal Corps. 8, Sgt. Georg Meyers. 9, top and center, Sgt. John Bushemi; bottom, Signal Corps. 11, Signal Corps. 12 & 13, Paris. 16, MGM. 17, top left, Sgt. Dick Hanley; bottom left, Paramount Pictures; top and bottom right, Signal Corps. 19, Paris. 20, left, Acme; right, PA. 21, left, INP; right, PA. 23, Acme.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

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By the men . . for the men in the service

A Package of Good News

WE have good news this week for soldiers overseas. The corporal who covers Washington for us reports that the War Department is on the verge of changing that Army Postal Service regulation which requires an enlisted man in a foreign station to get his commanding officer's permission before he can receive a parcel-post package from home.

The full details of the change—brought about by complaints from overseas units and by YANK's editorial campaign to revise the postal rules—are not available for publication as we go to press because they are not yet official. But the corporal in Washington has been assured that the War Department will take action soon to eliminate the necessity of the CO's okay to get socks or fruit cake or tobacco from your mother or uncle. The new regulation will probably make a simple request from the soldier himself sufficient authorization to mail a package overseas.

The War Department deserves a warm nod of appreciation for moving so promptly to change a regulation at the request of its enlisted men. It isn't an easy change to make. Shipping space is precious these days and this step toward simplifying the mailing of packages increases the Army's already overpowering transportation problems.

Remember that you can give the transportation men a break and help to make room for packages by cutting down the space required for the shipment of letters. The best way to reduce the bulk of that ordinary letter mail is to advise your family and friends back home to use V-Mail. A regular mail bag with 3,000 ordinary letters weighs 65 pounds. Those 3,000 letters on two strips of V-Mail film would weigh a little more than 24 ounces.

That's reason enough for V-Mail. Take those 24 ounces, subtract them from 65 pounds and you get plenty of space for parcel-post packages from home.

STRICTLY G.I.

Radio Your Money Home

OVERSEAS GIs have a quick new way of sending home spare cash. The Army's Finance Department has made it possible for them to do it by Army radio. Soldiers can send $10 or more to any point in the U. S. at no cost. Only exceptions are EM stationed in Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and Panama. The money can be deducted from your pay, or you can hand it to your personnel officer in cash. He in turn transmits it to the base finance officer who sends the money by radio to finance officers at Army points on the East or West Coasts of the U. S. Then they mail out a Treasury check to the person to whom the dough is consigned. Quick, simple and foolproof.

Guadalcanal Blaze

This is the Guadalcanal Blaze, the new divisional battle insignia worn by men and officers of the First Marine Division, the outfit that smashed the Japs at Guadalcanal last August. The blaze was designed by Col. Merril B. Twining, USMC, who led the First Marine Regiment at Guadalcanal. The "1" indicates the First Division, and the stars represent the Southern Cross, the constellation under which the battle was fought. Naval Medical Corps men, who were attached to the First Marine Division at Guadalcanal, are also entitled to wear the blaze.

The division was recently awarded a Presidential Unit Citation for its offensive in the Solomons last fall.

The Bazooka Gun

Recently made known to the public was Ordnance's latest giant killer, known as the Bazooka. A rocket gun, easily carried and fired by two men, it is primarily for use at short range, has great penetrating power, and is especially effective against the steel armor of tanks and against concrete pill boxes. It already has performed miracles in North Africa. On one occasion a lone soldier effected the surrender of a troublesome fort with one shot from his Bazooka. Another time a German tank commander surrendered under Bazooka fire, mistaking it for 155-mm guns.

Army Pigeon Yank

Meet Yank, ASN 873, U. S. Army Signal Corps pigeon which flew from the vicinity of Gafsa, Tunisia, to Tebessa in Algiers with the first news of the recapture of Gafsa by American troops. The picture of Yank was received in the U. S. via radio teiephoto from the Army Signal Corps station in Algiers.

Iceland Delivery Service

Dry cleaning is sent to local plants every 10 days or two weeks in Iceland. Caught short, soldiers have been known to send work to cleaners in Scotland by air, getting it back sooner than the regular job would have been returned. First, however, you have to have flying weather.

V-MAIL PREVENTS THIS

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Nazi White Slavers

Hundreds of Norwegian girls are escaping into Sweden, says the London *Sunday Dispatch*, to avoid being forced into German Army brothels. Girls between 13 and 20, according to the *Dispatch*, are being systematically "recruited" throughout Norway and shipped to camps in northern Norway and in Germany; in addition, many girls of teen age have been found raped in Oslo parks.

No Cokes; 'Sumarsi'

The Jap radio in occupied Batavia of the Dutch East Indies announces the reopening of the Coca-Cola plant there, but warns that inhabitants must ask for *Sumarsi* if they want a coke. "American trade names," the broadcast explains, "brought in the germs of disease from American society. Instead of Coca-Cola we will produce a drink called *Sumarsi*, which will remind us of jasmine." It will also remind them of Coca-Cola.

"We Pay Cash"

The Italians are now using the cash bonus system to stimulate the fighting spirit of their soldiers in Rommel's army. A captured Italian document lists a complete assortment of prizes Il Duce will hand out for military achievements. Items on the prize list range from 2,000 *lire* for a captured plane or jeep, to a *lira* a pound for a captured pick or spade. An especially attractive offer is 1,000 *lire* plus 20 days leave for an Allied tank. Note: the *lira* has no exchange value in Allied prison camps.

Jazz Is Too Hot

Because French kids have been going jitterbug to express their sympathy for the Allied cause, the Vichy government has decreed that jive sessions American style "will no longer be tolerated."

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Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

Iceland: Cpl. Dennis Wiegand, AAF.

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MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
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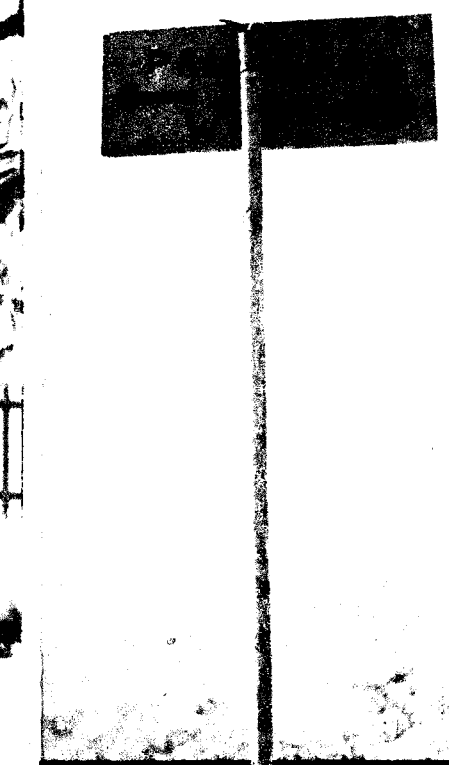
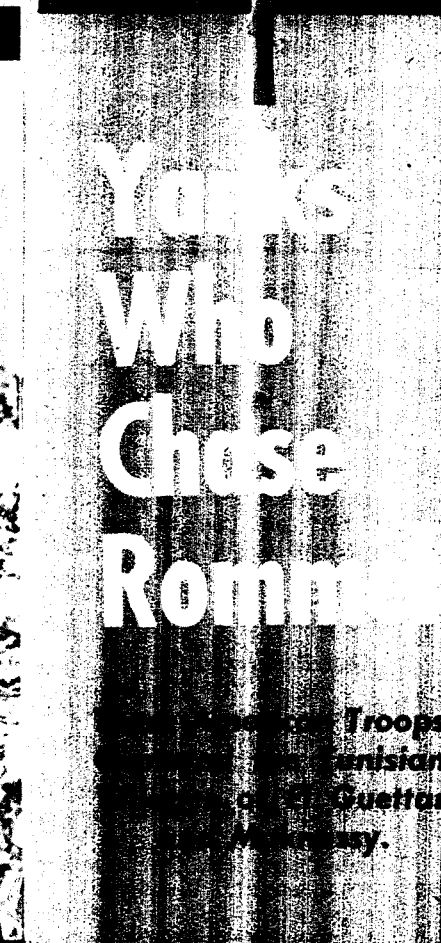


THIS WAY FOR YOUR PRISONER

SOLDIER INSPECTS A NAZI OFFICER'S GRAVE.

BRIG. GEN. THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN SLIT TRENCH.



PVT. JOE RUDNICKI, ANTIAIRCRAFT GUNNER.

U. S. MEDICAL CORPS SOLDIERS HAVE JUMPED FROM AMBULANCE TO TREAT BOMB VICTIMS.

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A HORDE OF ITALIAN PRISONERS, CAPTURED BY GEN. PATTON'S MEN BELOW EL GUETTAR

AN ARMORED HALF-TRACK IS STANDING GUARD OUTSIDE A VILLAGE IN CAPTURED ENEMY TERRITORY.

A YANK DIGS A FOX HOLE NEAR THE ROAD.

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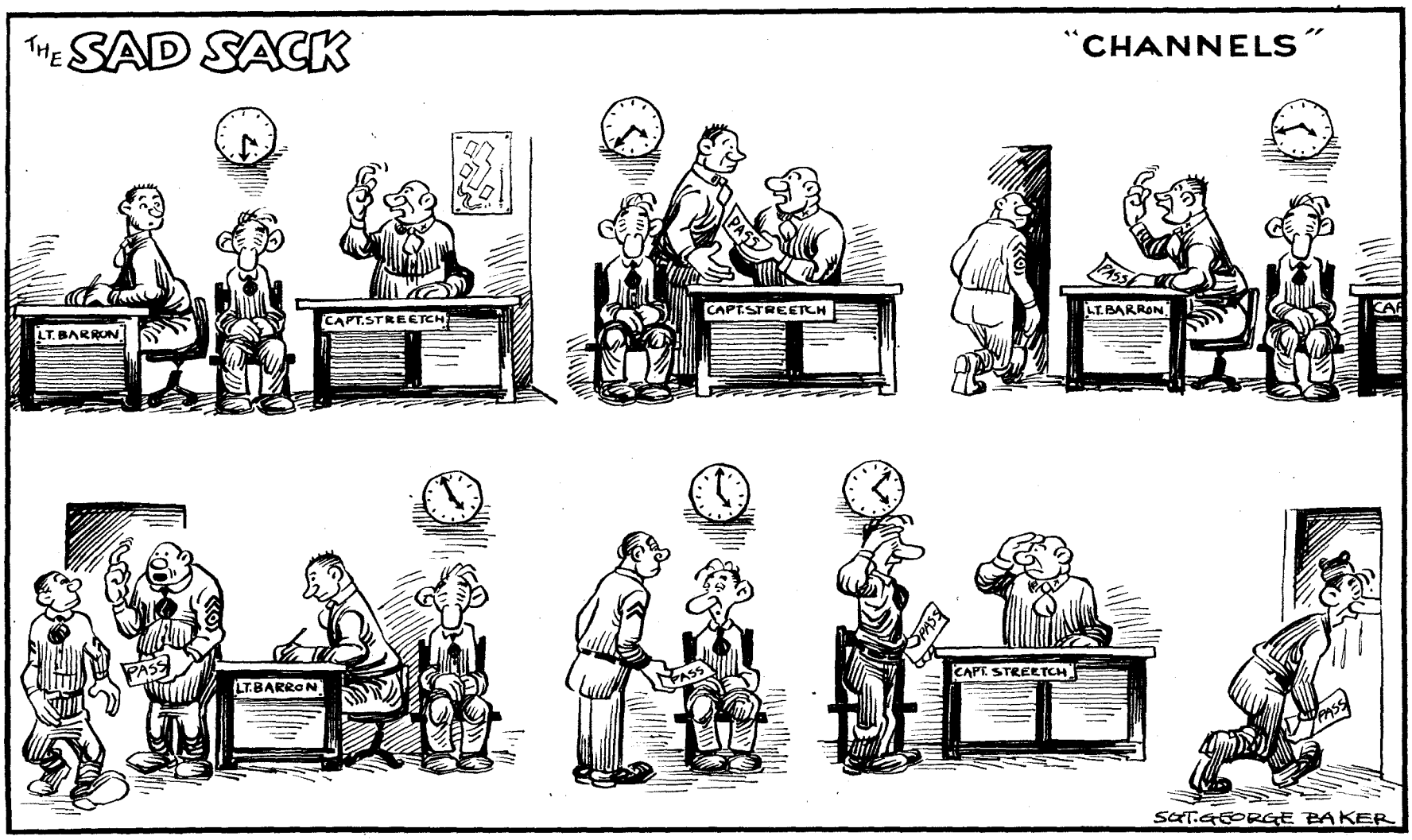


BALLAD OF PVT. JEEP

At last the fateful day arrived,
The weather was clear and fine,
And John J. Jeep his rifle grasped
Right on the firing line.

"Ready on the right, ready on the left,"
And the flags began to sway.
The Jeep felt glad as he saw the flag,
Only 200 yards away.

"Call your shots," his coach cried out
As John his piece did raise;
The flag is up, the flag is down,
And the Jeep began to blaze.

His first shot killed a pigeon,
His second struck a crow,
And down in the pits, watching for hits,
Were the markers lying low.

As his rifle roared, his scorer snored,
But the Jeep kept right on firing.
Fifty shots without a hit,
And he showed no signs of tiring.

The captain snarled and gnashed his teeth
As he watched how the dirt would spurt
For the shots that didn't explode in the sky
Were sure to go off in the dirt.

When the Jeep withdrew as the whistle blew,
You could hear the officers rave,
For instead of a 5, or a 4, or a 3,
They saw nothing but red flags wave.

When pressed for an explanation,
The reason for his flaws,
The Jeep would only answer
He wanted to see Maggie's drawers.

They threw him in the guardhouse,
But he uttered never a peep,
For what could you expect from a horse's neck
With a name like John J. Jeep?

—Sgt. STUART GRAY

Camp Davis, N. C.

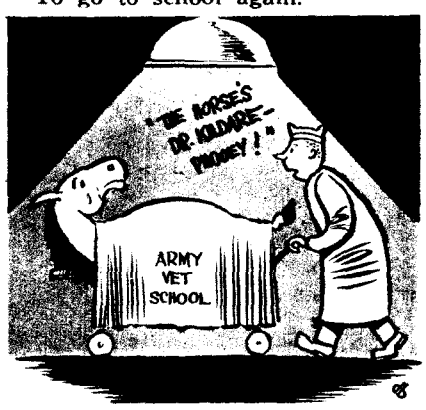
A VET'S LAMENT

I've had eight weeks of training
As an Army first-aid man;
I've learned to drill with bandages
And mastered a bedpan.

The treatment of a gas attack,
They drummed into my head,
And how to save a bloody mess
And how to mark the dead.

I've drilled in close formation,
And I've stood my trick at guard;
Most of it was simple,
But some of it was hard.

And when they taught me all they knew
Of treating injured men,
They packed me off to Washington
To go to school again.



For 12 long weeks I sweated through
The veterinary course;
Instead of first aid to a man.
I learned first aid to horse.

The Army Veterinary School
Will teach a man to tell
The quality of sides of beef,
Simply by the smell.

They gave us our diplomas
On our graduation day,
But they gypped us of our furloughs
And sent us on our way
To a land, they say, that God forgot,
Where sidewalks are a path,
Where the Okies tramp barefooted
On the sour "Grapes of Wrath."

So I'm here at old Fort Reno,
My diploma packed away;
When I'm not feeding horses,
I'm shoveling it away.

Here's to the U. S. Army
And to all the Army schools;
But damn the man who sent me here,
To wrestle crazy mules.

—Pvt. M. K. LYNDS

Fort Reno, Okla.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND EXPRESS

See that lonely soldier
With a bayonet by his side
He's going back to the States
To wed his promised bride;
He's fought some mighty battles
And he has done his best,
But he takes his life in his own hands now,
On the Newfoundland Express.

There're hobos in Newfie,
I just met one today;
He said that he was anxious
To be getting on his way.
The only thing that stopped him
Was he needed sleep and rest,
And he'd take no chances sleeping
On the Newfoundland Express.

Next month I get my furlough,
To St. Johns I will go,
They gave 10 days furlough time,
But I'll need more I know;
I must go through Shoal Harbor,
Which takes five days I guess,
And means I'll spend my furlough time,
On the Newfoundland Express.

When the season is winter
And snow's on the ground,
And we wait for the postman
To bring the mail around,
He says that he's sorry,
He has done his best:
The mail's in a snowdrift,
On the Newfoundland Express.

A soldier once decided
To heaven he would go;
He tied himself to the railroad track
When he heard the whistle blow.
He must have lain a long, long time
Because he starved to death,
Waiting on the railroad track,
For the Newfoundland Express.

—Pvt. SIDNEY DEITCH

Dow Field, Me.

PRAISE THE SILK

As I sat in the plane with my chute on my back
I was as frightened as could be.
The jumpmaster was ready in the door—
I knew, for I could see.
The boys on the ground looked like bugs from afar,
The ground it looked so black.
"Stand up, and hook up!" the jumpmaster cried,
And I found myself on my back.

When I stood on my feet like a leaf did I shake
As my knees were beating a tune,
But bravely I said, "Move over men,
Move over and give me room."
I stood in that door with a prayer on my lips,
Wondering why I was there,
When I saw the jumpmaster leave the plane
And sail out into the air.

Then out I went into the blue
With my face as white as could be;
I tried to count and check my feet,
But God, why couldn't I see?
I opened my eyes and my chute finally opened,
My knees, they even stopped knocking;
I looked up above and saw my true love,
Made from—400 *silk stockings*.

—Pvt. IRVING E. TAFFEL

Fort Benning, Ga.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES

Sex is elemental,
So why be differential?

—Pvt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT

Scott Field, Ill.

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MESSAGE CENTER

The censor won't let us print the full address of individual men overseas. If you want to get in touch with a friend overseas mentioned here, address your letter to him c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 E. 42d St., New York, N. Y. We'll forward it.

Sgt. Fred (Jellyroll) Tiranoff wants **Pvt. Bobby Kempner** on the Tunisian front to know that his dad and everybody else saw his picture in the papers giving first aid to an Italian prisoner. . . . From Persia, **Pvt. Charley Browne** sends a message to **Pvt. Leonard Wren,** AAF Tech. Sch. Sq., Chicago, Ill.: "I don't wish you bad luck, but I wish you were here. Write me." . . . **Pvt. Major B. Haile,** overseas, wants to hear from men he trained with at Fort Belvoir, Va., in 1941. . . . **S/Sgt. L. E. Setser,** Hq. and Hq. Sq., Wayne County Air Port, Romulus, Mich., wants to hear from **Sgt. Frank Kernan** and **Cpl. Paul Gullett.** . . . **Cpl. David Berman** has lost **Pvt. Louis Jacobs'** address. Jacobs should write to Berman at Hq. Det. Sta. Com., Camp Croft, S. C. . . . **Pfc. Alvin T. Konop,** overseas, has lost track of **Joseph Hynek, John Mazanet** and **Daniel Pavlik.** They should write Konop c/o YANK'S Message Center. . . . **Pvt. Bernard Cohen,** Hq. Btry., Fort Terry, N. Y., wants to hear from his brother-in-law, **Capt. Saul S. Hauser,** Australia. . . . **Pvt. Eliseo (Fish) Moreno,** Serv. Co., Fort William H. Harrison, Helena, Mont., wants news from **Henry Medrano** on the USS Dispatch. . . . **T/Sgt. A. E. Allen,** overseas, wants to get in touch with **Pvt. Jack A. Mize,** last heard from at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. . . . **S/Sgt. A. Schwartz,** 22d Sig. Co., 303d Serv. Gp., AAB, Casper, Wyo., would like his cousin, **Pvt. Sid Isaac,** Hawaii, to write. . . . **Cpl. James B. Matson,** Co. A., 9th Bn., ORTC, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md., would like to hear from some Delts from **DePauw University,** class of '40, especially **Bud Tucker.** . . . **Cpl. William D. Sunday,** Btry. F, AAS, Camp Davis, N. C., wants to exchange insignia with other collectors. . . . **Pfc. Bill Robertson,** 22d Photo Sq., AAB, Colorado Springs, Colo., wants mail from **Homer McDaniel,** with the Marines overseas. . . . Will **Tech. Sgt. Earl J. Holmes,** believed to be at OCS, get in touch with **George L. Copeland Y1c,** USS *Chalcedony* (PYc16), FPO, San Francisco, Calif.? . . . **1st Sgt. William J. Oetgen,** Rctg. and Ind. Sta., Fort Jackson, S. C., wants to make contact with **Charles D. Whitehead,** who attended Benedictine Military Academy from 1931 to '34. . . . **Sgt. James Miller,** overseas, wants to hear from **Pfc. Joe G. Diehm,** with the Marines in the S. Pacific. . . . **Sgt. Edward P. Pinkham,** Hq. Btry., 244th FA, Camp Shelby, Miss., is paging **Cpl. Ed. Lupien,** who was stationed at Fort Bragg, N. C. . . . **Charles E. Johnson,** formerly of the 1st Wea. Sq., Alaska, please write **S/Sgt. Dale M. Burrows,** Hq. 4th AF, 180 New Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif.

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Wickes *Lohwasser* *Kane*

Pvt. Harry Wickes, stationed in Hawaii, wants his brother Charles, a field artilleryman, to write him, and adds he's heard from Dorothy Marsan. Harry says he'd "rather see Hawaii in the movies than be here" and hopes Charles is in a spot he likes. . . . From his Alaskan air base, **Pvt. Adolph Lohwasser** sends a message to Pvt. Helmut Augustine from Queens, N. Y.: "Best of health until we meet again." Pvt. Augustine is with the Marines in the S. Pacific. . . . **Pfc. Howard Kane,** N. Atlantic, says: "How are you guys from C-5 doing—you, McCoy and Laca? Do you remember the party in Paterson?"

Janish *Murray* *Paquette*

Cpl. William Janish has returned from the S. Pacific on an emergency furlough. He wants to know if Auxiliary Ruby Frederick, stationed at the WAAC Training Center, Daytona Beach, Fla., has dish-pan hands from doing KP. How about it, Ruby—guilty? . . . **Pvt. Dave Murray,** APO 869, N. Y., wants to hear from Bernard Moynihan of Lawrence, Mass., who is a gunner on an Army transport. . . . **Cpl. Raymond E. Paquette,** Fort Read, Trinidad, B.W.I., sends a message to Jim O'Brien, who is with the Chemical Warfare Service somewhere in Panama: "Hi, Jim. Don't worry about Mary. I'm taking care of her."

Jones *Kasal* *Mucci*

Pvt. Fred R. Jones, Shelbyville, Ill., asks his home town pal, Pvt. Daniel V. Tynan, stationed in Ireland: "Have you kissed the Blarney Stone yet, or are you concentrating on the Colleens?" . . . **Cpl. Robert E. Kasal** is a radio operator on a transport plane hauling cargo to Aleutian outposts. He tells Lt. R. J. Walters of Omaha, Nebr., who is now in Alaska: "Get in touch with me as soon as possible and send me the addresses of the men who left Leavenworth with you." . . . **Anthony Mucci SF3c** sends a message to his brother, Sgt. Pat Mucci: "Very anxious to hear from you. Please write me at Naval Air Station, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I."

Taylor *Murray* *Rubenstein*

S/Sgt. Ralph S. Taylor, a Signal Corps radio operator in the S. Pacific, sends this to his friends at Two Rock Ranch (a nickname for an Army post in California): "Wish I were back with you lucky so-and-so's, as the women here are impossible to locate—even by radio." . . . **S/Sgt. Sydney Murray,** Hawaii, wants to tell Pvt. Robert McGee Stone, somewhere in Iceland, that he is bucking for OCS: "My application is all set for a medical administrative officer. I hope to beat you back to the States." . . . **Sgt. Max Rubenstein,** Puerto Rico, sends this to Pvt. Ike Rubenstein and Pfc. Abe Oppenheim, both in N. Africa: "What's cookin', Rommel? Everything is fine here."

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

Here is a picture of my "Sub-Zero-ized Peep" used for trouble shooting. It is equipped for all obstacles and occasions, for the lines of communication must and shall be kept closed at all times.

—**M/Sgt. JOHN PETISH Jr.**

British Columbia, Canada

Dear YANK:

I read with interest the letter printed in YANK written by Pvt. Petersen of Lincoln Air Base commenting on how popular the system utilized by the Navy for advancement of personnel would be in the Army and Marines. The competitive exam would be the thing to weed out the noncoms that haven't the qualifications for their positions but hold them because they know the right guy. It would give the enlisted men that are intelligent and interested in their career in the Army a greater chance for advancement.

—**Pvt. BEN PERCHUK**

Australia.

Dear YANK:

This letter is to shed a few tears for those poor mistreated boys spoken of in the article "You're in Miami Now." It was terrible to read of the awful time they are having, and my heart goes out to them, the poor abused things. How could the sergeants be so cruel and unreasonable as to expect them to sweep the rugs they walk on or to get up at the ungodly hour of 5:30 A.M.? He should know that the Japs and Germans wait till at least 8:15 each morning before they fire a shot at some innocent person or to stab someone in the back.

—**Cpl. W. A. TEASLEY**

Camp McCoy, Wis.

Dear YANK:

I would appreciate it very much if you printed this answer to Pvt. A. Boechino's opinion of the WAACs in an April issue of YANK:

Pvt. A. Boechino:

Regarding your opinion of the WAACs I couldn't help but answer. As for the way we look, we can't help that—God only gave us one face. As for being home knitting, the bigger part of us would sure like to be home if our men could be home too. However, one can go pretty crazy just wondering where the one you love is, how he is or if he will come back. By being in the WAACs, we are not only trying to help you boys, but it also gives us a lot to do, keeps our minds a little busier so that we don't go too crazy just sitting and waiting for that one person. We all realize we can never do the wonderful job our men are doing but we can try to help, in our small way, to bring victory to our country and our boys back home. As for your last uncomplimentary statement—a really true good man can't be ruined by any woman.

—**Cpl. E. HAINES, WAAC**

1st WAAC Tr. Cen. Co., Fort Des Moines, Ia.

Dear YANK:

In reply to T/5 Thomas Young's letter about buglers, I'm coming to the rescue of a fellow artilleryman. I have been correcting the faults of buglers in three Infantry regiments for the past three years. My point is that Young is not up to snuff on his Army Regulations. Any CO of a post makes his own call schedule, and first call and reveille don't have to be played 10 minutes apart, as Young states in his letter. On an Army post where there is no guardhouse in the vicinity of an Infantry or Artillery encampment, the CQ normally has to wake the bugler. Look up Army Regulations on the above subject to be verified. Again the Artillery makes correction for the Infantry.

—**Sgt. ROMEO PAQUETTE**

Camp Shelby, Miss.

Dear YANK:

We left the good old U.S.A. six months before the "stab in the back." We were among the first American troops to come to this far northern base. The only women we ever see are those in magazines and the one in our dreams. But are we squawking? No! For two years now, we have been living in this barren waste of ice and snow, and if our country wants us to live here two more years we will gladly do it, because we know that we also are "expendable."

—**S/Sgt. PETER BANAS JR. and Sgt. JAMES E. MOORE**

Greenland

DEAR YANK:

We have been reading stories of how fortunate the troops in Australia are to have the constant companionship of white women. However, there are vast territories in Australia where a GI would have to travel many miles to find any resemblance of civilization or a white woman. As far as chow goes—well, it is not too bad outside of not having any milk, eggs, fresh vegetables (other than squash), fresh butter, fresh fruit (other than an occasional orange). We even get a bottle of beer per man per week sometimes; lately it has been a half bottle per man per month. We also have a PX which sells shoe polish (what for, we don't know), YANKS, citronella and toilet articles (although they sometimes run out of soap for a month or so). Once we got some American PX supplies. Two hours before they were put on sale, half the camp stood anxiously in line hoping to purchase a melted chocolate bar before the very limited supply was exhausted. Of course, there are greener pastures in Australia for which goal we are constantly striving through the grace of the goddess who is good to all GIs.

—**The Wallaby Hill Signaleers**

Australia.

Dear YANK:

In a March issue of YANK, there was a very excellent likeness of Lt. Col. Earl F. Ripstia who is now stationed at Guadalcanal. He is undoubtedly the best damn officer that ever walked on two feet, and no doubt every man that has known him will tell you that. As long as he is on Guadalcanal, the Japs are sure to catch hell, and take it from me, he really knows how to dish it out in double time.

—**Pvt. GEORGE E. FILEK**

Sheppard Field, Tex.

Dear YANK:

In an April issue you tell us of a bowling team at Chanute Field hitting a triple of 2801. I happen to be captain of a team here and we have beaten that score on two occasions, hitting the maples for scores of 2891 and 2892, also hitting single games of 1018 and 1034. At present we are in first place in our service league. Let's have more bowling news.

—**S/Sgt. S. A. MAROUCHOC**

England

T S TICKET

Issued to.....

for having told a tale of woe. Your story tugs at my heart strings and brings tears to my eyes. Our deepest sympathy and condolences are extended. You may now consider yourself a member of the Sad Sack Club.

This card entitles you to all rights and privileges of the Club.

Main Office: SAD SACK CLUB
SEGUIN, TEXAS

Dear YANK:

I read so much about TS Tickets that I had my dad who is a printer make one up (*see above*). It has a deadening effect on KP squirmers and can be used on noncoms when they try to squirm out of duties. A GI can even give it to his wife. It can fit almost any case. We have named this the Sad Sack Club after your famous character. . . . It seems improbable that your magazine will get any better because it is perfect now.

—**Sgt. MYRON W. BERKOWITZ**

Aloe Army Air Field, Victoria, Tex.

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BROADWAY—Sgt. Sidney Kingsley's "The Patriots" received the New York Drama Critics' Circle award as the best play of the 1942-43 season by an American playwright. . . . The New York newspaper *PM* was scooped by the New York *Times* on a story of how *PM's* editor, Lt. Ralph Ingersoll, had commanded a company of mortars on the Tunisian front. . . . The Boogie Woogie staff of the big town's two Cafe Society night clubs mixed their barrel-house blues with the classics at Carnegie Hall recently. Hazel Scott played Shostakovich and Teddy Wilson played "Body and Soul." . . . Tallulah Bankhead's pals are telling everyone that she's going to elope any day now. . . . Cole Porter's smash song hit, "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To," had been lying around in his old attic trunk. . . . That rumor is afloat again that Gargantua's chosen bride Toto is a "he," but Ringling-Barnum press agents insist the reason love is still absent from the circus gorillas' tryst is that they are mere children—12 and 11 years old, respectively. . . . Renee Carroll, hat-check girl at a West Side spot, lost a pile of dough backing the show "Apology," but she won some of it back by answering the $64 question of a radio quiz.

Hazel Scott

HOLLYWOOD—Something new has been added to horror films. Universal has rewritten the old Frankenstein chestnut for the 98th time, but this time the mad scientist turns a beautiful girl into a gorilla . . . Two of the tallest chorines you ever saw in your life have been signed by MGM. They are 6-foot-1 Helen O'Shea and 6-foot-none Bunny Walters. . . . Joan Thorsen, a knock-out blond and former magazine-cover girl, will make her screen debut as a Russian guerrilla girl with sooty face. . . . Bill Boyd had just completed his 49th straight Hopalong Cassidy film. . . . Pola Negri, who had oomph before anyone knew how to spell it, will return to the screen in the role of an opera diva in "Hi Diddle Diddle" with Martha Scott and Adolphe Menjou. . . . The Brooklyn Dodgers will wear phony beards in the Ebbets Field sequences of Red Skelton's next picture, "Whistling in Brooklyn." . . . Margo, the Mexican star, will take the lead in RKO's ambitious production, "Mad Brood of Japan." . . . Hollywood's latest contribution to the war effort is a Three Stooges comedy entitled "Three Sappy Jappies."

Bill Boyd

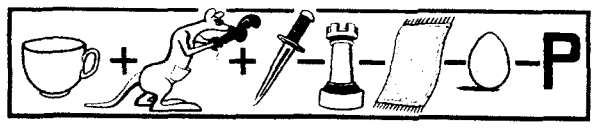
RADIO—Dizzy Dean, who still likes to be known as The Great One, will broadcast the home games of both the Cardinals and Brownies at Sportsman's Park, St. Louis, again this summer. . . . George Jessel is good and sore at some of the cracks other radio comedians have been making about him, and he has asked the networks to make them quit. . . . While Bing Crosby takes a two-week spring vacation to catch up on his golf, his brother Bob and Fibber McGee and Molly are to fill his spot. . . . "As Time Goes By" is No 1 on the Hit Parade, with "I've Heard That Song Before" second and "That Old Black Magic" third . . . Dinah Shore will quit Eddie Cantor's show at the termination of her contract, then have a show of her own. . . . Duke Ellington has written a new song called "No Smoking." . . . The Aldrich Family has marked its fifth aniversary on the air, but Henry Aldrich hasn't aged a day. . . . On a recent broadcast Fred Allen got the bird literally. Heckled by "a talking mynah bird" owned by Mrs. Carveth Wells, explorer, Fred took it like a gentleman.

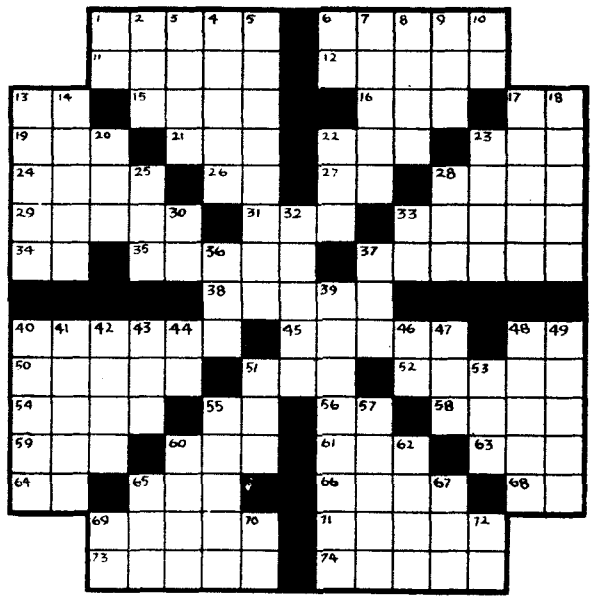
Hedy Lamarr

lo self-respecting pin-up collection hould be minus a photograph of the al over there at the left. So if you ain't ot her, go get her now. Hedy's scheded to appear in MGM's "Starlight."

DOUBLE PUZZLE

First tackle the Picture Puzzle below. Add or subtract the pictured objects as indicated. The result will be the name of one of our Allies. Fill this into the Crossword Puzzle, 40 Across. Then continue solving the rest of it.





ACROSS
1. KP atmosphere
6. Walks
11. GI haircut
12. Polite request from the Sergeant
13. Continent (abbr.)
15. These take a long time
16. Color
17. Noncommissioned officer (abbr.)
19. Non-amateur
21. Sin in a backward way
22. Distress call
23. What Jack did in the guardhouse
24. Unsought publicity
26. Half milk
27. Injection interjection
28. Most important part of a horse
29. Actor's delight
31. Ready for CC pills
33. Invasion boat
34. Famous Presidential initials
35. Beau of the Sahara
37. Reaction to CC pills
38. Indian tribe
40. (Solve the Picture Puzzle)
45. Hollers
48. Size of shot
50. Jungle animals
51. Answer (abbr.)
52. Horse —— (nickname for Western picture)
54. Pressing need
55. Either's kid brother
56. Mother
58. Dyestuff
59. Product of the Army
60. Lodge member
61. Played out coal
63. Father
64. Man's nickname
65. Yale
66. A bad place to be put on
68. Railway (abbr.)
69. Pointed stick
71. Metric units
73. Sheets of glass
74. Cheap whiff

DOWN
1. Steamship
2. First word in the Koran (ouch!)
3. How to make money
4. Benefit
5. Army china
6. Depart
7. Medieval cartridge
8. Income tax time
9. Man's nickname
10. Grown up Junior (abbr.)
13. The guy that says 'drinks on me'
14. Cluster of classy trees
17. Doggone itch
18. War horse; historical
20. Hitler's rushin' after this—backwards
22. Sun
23. Tony —— famous illustrator
25. Get, in reverse
28. Disfigure
30. Compass point (abbr.)
32. You do this quickly in the Army
33. Front part of a bus
36. 75 per cent soap
37. Prison-like writing implement
39. Recommended for peeling onions
40. Poetical climate
41. Took the dog out
42. Midday, backward or forward
43. Girl's name
44. Doctor of Science
46. Toward
47. Pre-Hitler Vichy
48. This is a pipe
49. GI haircut
51. First refugee ship
53. Finish
55. Martini complement
57. Savory meat jelly
60. Verve
62. Most digestible part of doughnut
65. Greek letter
67. Long and short weight
69. Naval MP
70. Middle of desk
72. Street (abbr.)

(Solution on page 22)

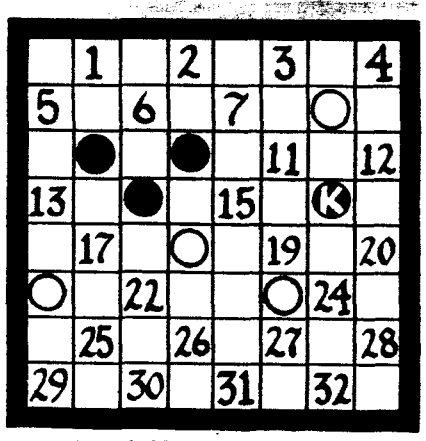
WORD STAGGERS

Try this new vocabulary game. We give you two letters of each word and its definition, you complete the word by filling in the missing letters. You should get 9 out of 9.

1. R _ _ _ _ D . . . *Made an incursion.*
2. _ R _ _ D _ _ . . . *Drink toted by St. Bernards.*
3. _ _ R D _ _ _ . . . *Tiresome load.*
4. _ R _ _ D _ _ . . . *Fleet of armed ships.*
5. R _ _ _ _ D . . . *Worn into tatters.*
6. _ R _ _ D _ _ . . . *Long, arched building.*
7. _ _ R D _ _ _ . . . *Free from penalty.*
8. _ R _ _ D _ _ . . . *Avaricious or grasping.*
9. R _ _ _ _ D . . . *Cause to remember.*

(Solution on page 22)

CHECKER STRATEGY



You'd probably be ready to bet dollars to doughnuts that White hasn't a chance in this game. Apparently, all he can do is to crown his piece on square 8—and then get cornered by Black's next move, 16 to 11.

A careful examination, however, will reveal a very slick escape for White. Can you see it?

Before checking your analysis with our solution on page 22, number the playing squares of your board from 1 to 32 as shown.

GI Checker Problem

Sgt. L. G. Friel, Camp Hood, Tex., submits the following little brain-teaser:

Black—men on 4, 9, and 21. King on 18.
White—men on 7, 15, 25 and 30.
White to move and draw.

Try this one on your checkerboard. Sgt. Friel's solution appears on page 22.

COMPANY STREET

SURPRISE. The scene was a dance floor at a **Pacific** outpost. Pvt. Tony (The Barber) Lembo saw a guy he thought was trying to make his girl. "My dance," said Tony, and walloped the stranger on the back. The stranger turned around. Imagine Tony's surprise when he turned out to be Maj. Gen. Rapp Brush, the CO of the outpost.

GI MASCOTS. At **Walnut Ridge** (Ark.) Basic Flying School: Arky, a fox terrier and mother of four; keeper, Sgt. Raymond Hederman. . . . At **Fort Sam Houston,** Tex.: Waacy, a cocker spaniel pup; keeper, WAAC Isabelle Goto. . . . At **Camp Pickett,** Va.: Dagwood, a hoot owl; keeper, Pvt. Mike Capelli. . . . Near Fondouk, **Tunisia:** Rommel, a wild African hare, so called because he was tamed in a few days; keepers, an American command unit.

Waacy

RECORDS. OC Hugh F. Crain, **Fort Benning,** Ga., firing an M1 for the second time, broke all Benning records with a score of 338 out of a possible 340. . . . Cpl. Curtis T. Mill recently graduated from the Packard Motor School at **Selfridge Field,** Mich., finished with a grade of 97, the highest mark ever made there. . . . "My Engineer unit," writes Pfc. Victor Sali, **Camp White,** Oreg., "put up a light pontoon bridge 369 feet long in an hour and 27 minutes. We claim a GI record for pontoon bridge building." . . . At **Camp Tyson,** Tenn., the D-7, a barrage balloon, broke loose from its moorings, wound up in a tree on the farm of Roscoe Anderson at Croydon, Ind., 190 miles away as the crow (and balloon) flies. Time: 1 hour, 49 minutes; rate 104.4 mph, a speed record for GI balloons. Added note: Farmer Anderson, an old AEF soldier, remembered his first general order, wrapped his 1917 overcoat around him, and guarded the balloon with a shotgun until relief came from Camp Tyson.

"WE'LL BE BACK." Italian-born WAAC Mary Paulon, **Fort Sill,** Okla., enlisted to help "beat Mussolini and his thugs." . . . Sgt. Adriano Kimayong, **Camp Beale,** Calif., belongs to the 1st Filipino Infantry of the **Free Filipino Legion** and wears the insignia of Mount Mayon, symbol of Filipino vengeance. Said Sgt. Kimayong: "In the eyes of America I am a man, not a slave, and that's good enough to fight for, to die for." . . . WAAC Third Officer Villa A. Ruditsky, **Fort Des Moines,** Iowa, escaped from a Nazi concentration camp in Czechoslovakia in 1939, hopes to get back some day to her home in Prague.

Mary Paulon

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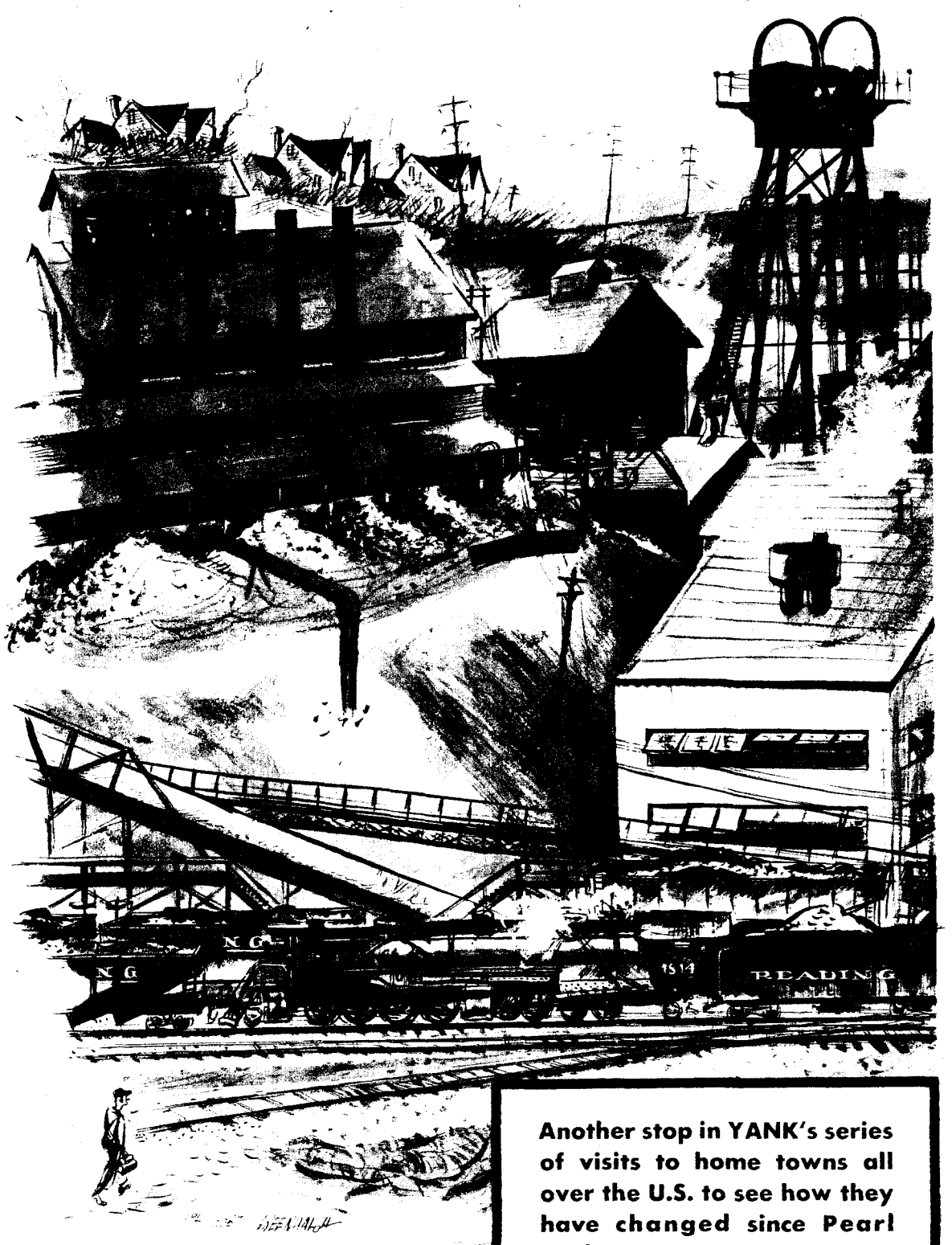
SHENANDOAH, Pa.



Another stop in YANK's series of visits to home towns all over the U.S. to see how they have changed since Pearl Harbor. Your town may appear here soon. Watch for it.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

SHENANDOAH, PA.—This is a town which someone once described as the only Wild West settlement east of the Mississippi River.

It is still more or less that way.

It sits on a hummock at the bottom of a stark valley in the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania. It is isolated and inaccessible. It is stained with the mingled coal dust and sweat of a century of back-breaking toil.

Shenandoah is tough and indestructible—like the tough, indestructible fibre of the stolid Slavs who make up most of its population. Famous football names have come from here, like Al Babartski and Larry Sartori of Fordham, Stan Lewcyck of Georgetown, and Kats Katalinas of the Chicago Bears. The town has withstood depression, suicide by dynamite and sudden death in its mine shafts. It withstood the serfdom imposed upon it by the early coal operators and the virtual civil war imposed upon it by the freedom-loving, misled vigilantes known as the Molly Maguires. Even Nature conspired against it in 1940 when the town settled into the coal mines amid a welter of cracked streets, split walls and broken buildings.

Now it has suffered another blow—2,000 of its young men have gone away to the nation's armed forces.

This time, too, Shenandoah has recoiled from the shock. The town has not changed much.

The dingy streets with their little houses are the same—in the Bloody First Ward, as well as on the more genteel Jordan and West Streets. Life still revolves about the principal intersection, Main and Centre Streets.

Atop the five-story Stief Building is the air observation tower which older men like Frank Ponicsan and George Kubilus man in addition to doing duty with the volunteer fire department. Down the street, the bars remain the chief centers of amusement. Uritis' still has its bartender Nabo, and Mack's its jitterbugs. Things are as usual at Joe Stepsus', the Silver Duck, Katy's, Andy's, Happy's, Sakowski's and Cinco's.

Only at Pat Maher's and Semanchyk's has the war left a permanent scar. Maher's lost the distinction of having the only live orchestra in town when Stewie Griffin and his entire band were drafted; and Semanchyk's lost Murph, its historic bartender, to the Army. "No one," is the general lament, "could put a head on a glass of beer like old Murph."

Maher's skating rink is more popular than ever with the kids. The American Legion pool (a colossal lottery within the pale of the law) is more popular than ever with the adults. The High School building, damaged in the great cave-in of 1940, is still closed. The Junior High School building has been condemned. Both are too dangerous even to enter, and high-school classes are being taught in the Roosevelt, Jefferson and Wilson grade schools instead. The high-school football team, notwithstanding, continues to be terrific. Last fall, the Blue Devils extended their undefeated record to 35 straight games over a three and a half year period. Nineteen-year-old, bone-crushing Matt Mikosz shattered all scholastic records by scoring 155 points last season, and averaging 60 yards on punts. He probably would have been the greatest back ever to come out of Shenandoah. He's in the Navy now.

20 Nationalities and Religions

The people of Shenandoah (or Shan-doh, as they call it) represent 20 different nationalities and religions. They still blandly cook *bleenies* (Greek fried grated potatoes), *kielbasi* (Lithuanian pork dumplings) and blind pigeons (Polish stuffed cabbage). The kids love to eat thick black bread spread with molasses and shoe-fly, a pastry. Everyone is crazy about parades and picnics. This year there have been more parades in Shenandoah than ever before. Every United Nations victory is celebrated. Mitchell Day is still a big holiday. This is the anniversary of the first big strike victory won for them by the almost-legendary John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers, on Oct. 29, 1900. On Memorial Day, the old people still climb Locust Mountain and put flowers on the Peddler's Grave. The Peddler was an old wandering Jewish peddler named Jost Folhaber, who was killed by a robber on Locust Mountain in 1789. The people of the town buried him up there, and ever since they have kept his grave and climbed the mountain to cover it with flowers. Now, 150 years later, they don't even question why. They shrug their shoulders and say, "Who else is going to take care of the poor old lonely soul?"

Everyone still works in the mines or operates a store or shop on Main or Centre Street. No war plants have come to Shenandoah. The girls have long since gone to work in Philadelphia, New York and Washington—or to the WAAC and WAVES. But the men still trudge down to the blackboard on Centre Street where daily announcements are posted as to whether the St. Nicholas Breaker, the William Penn Colliery, the Kohinoor, Hammond and other mines are working or idle.

Remaining Males Have Tough Going

Before the war, bootleg coal holes flourished in Shenandoah. Unemployed miners would go to an obscure corner of some company property, dig a 100- or 200-foot hole, and start extracting the coal. Some of the bootleggers, like Maxie the Coal Man, became prosperous and had as many as 15 men working for them. But that is all over now. Maxie and 90 percent of the others have gone into the armed forces.

The situation for the few males left in the town is tough. The state police raided Big Mary's a few months ago and padlocked it. The Club Caprice near McAdoo was closed, too, and the Tourist's Inn just can't be reached because of the gasoline rationing. During the summer, you can still walk up by the jigger dams or park up by the Peddler's Grave. Last year there was so much parking at the West End Ball Grounds that they had to rope off leftfield to keep the grass from being ruined.

Wednesday and Sunday nights are still movie date nights at the Strand and Capitol Theaters. The principal soda fountains, the Sugar Bowl and Schutawie's, are doing well. The principal pool rooms, the Strand, the Majestic and the Modern Billiards Academy, are not doing so well.

One girl summed it up thus: "I never feel so much like we're in a war until I walk past the Majestic and no one whistles at me. It's positively creepy."

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McTurk THE WOLF

For the first time in many months, Pvt. Joe McTurk has a Sunday afternoon to himself with no furnace or latrine duty to restrict him to the company area in fatigue clothes. So he's off to the Service Club tea dance, smelling sweetly of hair tonic and after-shaving lotion. "I orta wear this blouse more often," murmurs Mac as he surveys the mirror. "Makes me look like Gary Cooper."

McTurk, of course, is enacted by Pvt. Robert C. McCracken, the pride and joy of Fort Belvoir, Va., and the pictures were conceived, staged and photographed by Sgt. Pete Paris, who was also responsible for the Tunisian front-line photos in this issue. There's a boy who gets around.

"CHAWMED," purrs McTurk in his best Staten Island drawing room manner as the Service Club hostess arranges a knock-down. "Dis babe is under me spell already," he tells himself. "I facksinates dese coy country kids wid me big city glammer." The girl isn't really acting coy. She's just trying to keep her face away from Mac's cigar fumes.

THERE'S NO COCKTAIL LOUNGE with soft string music to weaken her resistance so Joe invites his victim over to the cafeteria and generously splits a milkshake with her, pinching her straw when she isn't looking. He tells her about his blue-blood family, which dates back to the day the Indians sold Manhattan for $23.98 because the McTurks moved into nearby Staten Island.

"KIN I GALLOP DE NEXT WUN wid yez?" Mac inquires with a sly leer. When the girl demurely consents, he twirls her into a spin that sets her new wrist watch two hours and 20 minutes fast. "Kick, two, three, four," cries the dame, swooning under Joe's rhythmic spell. "Cut out dat cadence count," he barks. "It reminds me of me basic training."

McTURK LEARNED THIS STEP during rush hours on the Staten Island Ferry. It makes the juke box needle dig a slit trench in "As Time Goes By." "Now jest remember dis—a kiss is jest a kiss but I yam quite a guy," he croons. "Oh, such a lovely voice, Mr. McTurk," the girl breathes. "What's Nelson Eddy got I ain't got?" he asks. "Fan mail," she says.

WHAT'S THIS? Just as Joe is beginning to make some time with his wren and is asking romantic questions about how much money she is making at her job in the shirtwaist factory, a louse with stripes comes into the ointment. "You been dancing 15 minutes on my nickels," he says. "Besides, me and Maude here has a previous engagement for this afternoon. Scram, private."

POOR MAC. "Dat guy keeps me in dat latrine all week," he snarls. "Den he messes up me love life on Sunday. He'll be sewing neon stripes on dose sleeves next so he kin pull rank in a blackout." Joe wonders why he wasted so much money on hair tonic and getting his blouse cleaned. It looks like another lonely night at the GI movies.

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Neila Hart is taking over where her brother, Robert Sterling, left off. An actor, he left the movies to enlist in the Air Forces. Neila got a long-term Hollywood contract to keep up the family tradition.

NEWS from Home

ALABAMA

Four persons were killed and 50 injured in Hackleburg by a tornado that did $500,000 damage in the north Alabama area. Dean Wyatt W. Hale of Birmingham-Southern College committed suicide with a pistol on the campus. Forest fires swept 1,000 acres of mountain lands in Jackson and Madison Counties. Brig. Gen. Ben M. Smith, Selective Service director, said war-plant strikers would be reclassified for the draft.

ARIZONA

At Phoenix, bees short-circuited electric wires and held up Southern Pacific trains; Gov. Osborn paroled 23 state prisoners; 500 lettuce packing-shed workers struck for more pay. U. S. Public Health officials reported syphilis cases had increased 800 percent in the Flagstaff area in recent months. Willcox stores are closing Wednesday afternoons to allow garden work.

CALIFORNIA

Attempting to escape from Alcatraz, one prisoner was killed and three were captured. Fire destroyed 28,000 used automobile tires stored in a building at Sacramento. Mrs. O. E. Palmerton's four children perished when their ranch home burned near Lancaster. At Corona, Mayor Dan Huckins resigned and Councilman W. Murle Colbern succeeded him. Los Angeles County will get 139 of the 688 new fire engines assigned to the state by the Office of Civilian Defense. At Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret Ludwig, 39, was held on suspicion of the murder of her husband, Arlando, 45, in a trailer.

COLORADO

At Golden, William Wymer, 16-year-old Denver boy, admitted shoving Donald J. Mattas, 8, and Milo Flindt, 11, off a 175-foot cliff to their deaths after charging them 10 cents each to climb up. Jack Fowler, Denver civil air patrol pilot, was injured in an emergency landing near Trinidad. Spring rains helped wheat and grazing land.

GEORGIA

At Albany, Clyde F. Ross of Muskegon, Mich., confessed he killed Leopold Crine, who had given Ross a lift in his car; Ross, an admitted deserter from the Michigan State Troopers, wore an Army uniform. At Atlanta, Lily Pons bought the first War Bond in Fulton County's Second War Loan campaign. Charles J. Christian, 42, of Hapeville, operator of the Club Savoy on the old Macon Highway, and his brother-in-law, R. L. Brannan, were wounded in an unexplained shooting at the club. J. C. Archer and Ralph Roughton are running for mayor at Sandersville.

IDAHO

The Boise River, swollen by flood waters from More's Creek, overflowed highways north of Boise. John W. Meadows, 83-year-old convicted murderer who served 26 years in the Idaho State Prison before being pardoned, was accused of shooting Jack Wilson, 29, at the latter's farm. Boise will celebrate its eighth annual Straw Hat Day May 15 but no queen will be selected. Roger D. Barker, 19, of Filer, is charged with sending extortion notes to movie stars and will be tried in Los Angeles. At Idaho Falls, David R. Clark, 62, former manager of the Iona Sperry grain elevator, was found guilty of forgery.

ILLINOIS

At Springfield, Mayor John Kapp began a fourth term; City Commissioner Harry Eielson kept a campaign promise by distributing $1,280 in dimes to all grammar school pupils. At Chicago, Edmund P. Mayer charged his wife Helen with tangling up $1,500 worth of fishing tackle in his sporting goods store during a fit of anger. Elizabeth citizens voted a tax for a free public library. Because of watrime material shortages Rock Island reconditioned a 28-year-old fire truck. Births in the state last year numbered 154,048—the most in Illinois history.

INDIANA

Scores of autos in Perry and Posey Counties were stranded in mud when Ohio River flood waters receded. Frank Pierce, former mayor of Mitchell, got a 60-day sentence for drunken driving. Gov. Schricker rejected a proposal to buy the $80,000 Trimble home in Indianapolis for the governor's mansion. Ration card holders who cuss Tell City ration clerks will be prosecuted. Seymour school children must wear identification tags. The bodies of Billy Stevens and Billy Long, both 9, were recovered from Fall Creek at Indianapolis. The Driftwood golf course near Columbus is now a cornfield. A $30,000 fire swept the *Daily Times* plant at Sullivan.

IOWA

The Iowa-Nebraska banks of the Missouri River were threatened with their worst flood since 1881; lowlands were evacuated. The fiftieth Legislature adjourned; a 50-percent cut in state income tax was one of 313 measures passed. George R. Murphy became mayor of Dubuque. Harland E. Sprinkle was named police chief of Iowa City, C. Doyle Jones chief of Ottumwa. Leonard Huseman, 27-year-old farmer, was held in connection with the fatal shooting of Sheriff Cecil M. Crawford of Page County. At Woodward, James Noland drowned in an abandoned gravel pit.

LOUISIANA

Ex-Gov. Earl K. Long, brother of the late Huey Long, announced his candidacy for governor. Philip J. Liuzza, New Orleans securities broker, was found guilty of defrauding customers of $100,000 and received a 7-year sentence. Lake Charles may get a 1,560-foot steel highway bridge. Eighteen persons were injured when a bus crashed into a tree while en route to New Orleans. Fire destroyed the 100-year-old home of J. W. Noblett in Denham Springs. Died: at New Orleans; William Oswald, 89, who left the Red Cross $150,000.

MAINE

The Legislature's temperance committee endorsed the manufacture and sale of wine made from Maine apples. Old Orchard was the first town in the nation to meet its Second War Loan quota. Percy Rogers, mail clerk, wounded Mrs. Abbie Porter, 31, in a Westbrook beauty parlor, then killed himself. Frank L. Littlefield of Bethel was named deputy U. S. marshal. At Portland, thieves broke into a jewelry store, took items valued at $800. Sheriff Rex V. Bridges of Androscoggin County is retiring. Died at Belfast: Miss Sue M. Partridge, 83, member of the Belfast *Republican-Journal* staff for 62 years.

MARYLAND

At Baltimore, Mayor Howard W. Jackson won the Democratic nomination for a fifth term; William Leequins took 30 cents from a blind musician, got two days in jail for each penny taken. At Leonardtown, potato planting was delayed because Negro farm hands said it coincided with the "dark of the moon," a bad luck time. Police, dressed as shipyard workers, raided a crap game on the Broadway-Fairfield ferry. James Gillis was beaten to death in his general store at Plane No. 4 near Frederick. Died: John Justin, 105, Baltimore's oldest resident.

MASSACHUSETTS

At Boston, Barnett Welansky, 48, owner of the Cocoanut Grove night club in which 491 persons burned to death, was sentenced to 12 to 15 years of hard labor after being convicted of manslaughter. Edward F. Dow, 13, of Newburyport was charged with killing Miss Lydia S. Cook, 72, with a hammer. At Waltham, 44 Watertown women war workers were fined $1 apiece for thumbing rides. At Harvard University, uniformed students outnumbered civilians 2 to 1. Springfield police arrested 23 men for operating a lottery racket. Lawrence policemen were granted one day off in six. North Adams reported an April snow of 6 inches in the Berkshires, and an all-time winter record of 145½ inches.

MICHIGAN

At Detroit, Max Stephan was sentenced to be hanged for treason for aiding an escaped German prisoner, then was granted a stay of execution by the U. S. Supreme Court; 18 men, including a substitute teacher at Denby High School, were arrested in a raid on a party on Warwick Road; Roy C. Smith, a General Motors engineer, announced his candidacy for mayor. At Port Huron, an Arabian stallion valued at $1,000 was killed after throwing its rider, Joseph Bannister, and plunging its head through an automobile window.

This disastrous wreck was the result of a collision between a Union Railway locomotive and a Big Four passenger train at a crossing in Indianapolis. Three trainmen were killed, a fourth injured.

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A Round-Up of the Week Back in the States

MINNESOTA

After the Twin Cities had long argued over which ought to have an ore-barge terminal, the OPA announced there would be no ore-barge traffic on the Mississippi. Sixty-four counties have established bureaus to help obtain farm labor. When L. M. Kennedy thought his truck afire, he sped eight miles to the fire station in Breckinridge, there found only some burlap sacks on the truck were aflame.

MISSOURI

Gov. Donnell signed a bill which requires a three-day wait between application for a marriage license and the wedding. At St. Louis, Republican A. P. Kaufmann was elected president of the Board of Aldermen as the GOP carried eight of 15 wards. At Jefferson City, Democrat Jesse Owens was elected for a third term as mayor. Republicans carried Poplar Bluff. The Tech Club boarding house at the School of Mines, Rolla, burned. Manganese deposits in Shannon County, untouched for a century, are being tapped for steel foundries.

MONTANA

Four Missoula residents were killed in a plane crash at Warm Springs: Edward Kaiser and his sons, Raymond and Roy, and Lois Anderson. Melting snow flooded state highways and railroad bridges. Sawdust-filled hams, hung for display purposes, fooled meat-hungry patrons of Butte markets. Milk went up to 14 cents a quart in Great Falls. The Montana State rifle team won the Hearst trophy in a competition for ROTC marksmen of the Ninth Service Command. Fire destroyed the Methodist parsonage at McAllister.

NEW JERSEY

Camden's police captain, Edward Carroll, will stand trial for perjury. Woodburn Miller, convicted of killing Jean Bush, his 14-year-old sweetheart, near Browns Mills, got 25 to 30 years. The Picatinny Arsenal at Dover fired 200 employees for absenteeism. At Red Bank, the Board of Education voted against reinstating Nathan Wagner, conscientious objector, as a public school teacher. Died: At East Orange, Dr. Frank B. Lane, 83, "country doctor" in the Oranges.

NEVADA

At Reno, the LDS Church claimed one of the largest gardens in western Nevada—30 acres subleased from the university farm on the Carson Highway. Mills in nearby Lassen County, Calif., plan to cut more than 300 million feet of lumber this season. Reno and Las Vegas suffered an egg and poultry shortage.

NEW YORK

Couples marrying in New York now can get their licenses from any city and town clerk in the state; heretofore, the license had to be obtained in the home town of the bride-to-be. In New York City, women began work as trainmen on the Long Island Railroad and were replacing men in subway change booths. At New City, Edward C. Dormann, former Rockland County sheriff, got three to six years on a numbers racket charge. The Erie County Fair was canceled. At Buffalo, Miss Elsie K. Smith became the city's first woman bus driver; fire did $100,000 damage at the Bison Lumber Co.; mothers demanded reopening of School 30, closed on economy grounds.

NORTH CAROLINA

At Oxford, Francis Finch, store manager, was charged with stealing gasoline ration books from the rationing board. Mrs. Polly Ann Hartis, 100, works her own garden in Mecklenburg. Fire destroyed stores and homes valued at $60,000 in Bayboro. More than 100 head of livestock burned to death in dairy barns of Joe H. Robinson near Charlotte. Depositors began collecting from the closed Bank of Black Mountain.

OHIO

At Cleveland, 1,150 workers of the American Ship Building Co. ended a four-day strike. A fire in Salem's industrial section caused $200,000 damage, destroyed 60 automobiles. At Cincinnati, Miss Bliss Harris of WLW became the city's first woman radio announcer; the Rev. R. Dale LeCount of College Hill Presbyterian Church resigned to become pastor of the Sixth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Birmingham, Ala.; the City Council was undecided between eastern and central war time.

OKLAHOMA

Five persons were injured and 25 houses demolished by a tornado at Poteau. Mary Keys, one of the famous Keys quadruplets, left her teaching job at Edmond to become an Army hostess. Forty-two women have been qualified to drive Oklahoma busses and street cars. Three men were killed and eight injured in a mine explosion near Henryetta.

OREGON

Carl Francis, mayor of Dayton and a state legislator, joined the Marines. A sun lamp was used at the Portland zoo to restore pep to lazy monkeys. The post office at Foss was discontinued after Postmaster Helen Knudson resigned. Fishermen were baffled by a 4,000-pound sea beast washed ashore near Ilwaco.

PENNSYLVANIA

At Philadelphia, fire destroyed the main building of the Philadelphia Cricket Club and an old brewery on 17th Street near Montgomery Avenue the same day. Sections of Fairmount Park will be plowed into gardens. The principal of the Manchester High School near York sported a "shiner" after a fight with some of his pupils. At Pittsburgh, Early Perry, 17, was quoted by police as confessing he choked to death Theresa Williams, 4, because she laughed at him. John P. Breck, 26, of Olean, N. Y., was killed by an explosion of rejected detonators at the munitions plant at Elred near Bradford.

SOUTH DAKOTA

At Sioux Falls, Roy J. Wolff, 37-year-old bank teller, died from gunshot wounds believed to be self-inflicted; St. Joseph's Cathedral, damaged by fire, is being redecorated. At Mobridge, Mrs. Walter Hettick of McLaughlin gave birth to a boy just 24 hours before her mother, Mrs. Sam Biederstadt, entered the same hospital and gave birth to a girl. Fleeing flood waters near Mobridge, Mrs. Harry Dame took just two things—the family cat and a pound of coffee.

TENNESSEE

Bradley Currey, Chattanooga banker, and his son Hal were bitten by a rabid fox on Lookout Mountain. Chattanooga Central High School won the state basketball championship, defeating Friendsville, 48-30. Nashville and Chattanooga will be off bounds for overnight passes during the mid-Tennessee maneuvers. At Nashville, soap sales jumped 25 times normal on a rumor that rationing would be imposed; Mayor Thomas Cummings is running for re-election against Ben West, assistant attorney general.

TEXAS

President Pat Neff of Baylor University missed a train connection at Bremond, thumbed a ride to Waco. Cow rustling in the panhandle is the worst in years; county officials blame the black market in meat. Henderson business houses agreed to close early to speed garden work. Bexar County housewives awaited auction of 188 sewing machines formerly used by WPA. A Dallas jury awarded Mrs. Nina Mullenix $800 for damage to her hair from a 25-cent permanent wave. Fannin County opened its new $100,000 jail without an inmate.

VERMONT

At Rutland, Edward I. Earle, veteran city fireman, joined the Navy; Thomas M. Quigley was appointed U. S. commissioner, succeeding Robert J. Alpert, who was inducted into the Army. The State Guard was reorganized on a battalion rather than a regimental basis. The Vermont Education Association reported 176 members in the armed services.

WEST VIRGINIA

The State Supreme Court will review the case of Mrs. Naomi C. Baker of Berkeley County who sued Dr. N. B. Hendrix, Martinsburg, for $50,000, charging he failed to remove a sponge following an appendectomy in 1935. The Preston Country Club has turned 3½ acres of its golf course into a garden. Dick Bailey dropped a nickel into a Charleston parking meter and the coin box dropped out. L. K. Auten of Clarksburg, manager of the Maxon Construction Co., was killed when his car struck a freight train at Point Pleasant.

WYOMING

At Cheyenne, movies of the games in which Wyoming University won the national basketball championship were shown; 225 additional dwelling units were being provided for war workers. Near Jackson, 16 crippled elk were killed and used as fish food at the state hatcheries. Rock Springs police began confiscation of all slot machines on orders of Mayor T. H. Roe. E. A. Davidson, 70, frozen to death in northern Colorado, was buried in Laramie.

Mrs. Emma Van Coutren of Parkchester, N. Y., is proud mother of six sons and three daughters in armed forces.

Russian freighter was driven by a storm onto the rocks of America's North Pacific coast. U. S. Coast Guardsmen rescued 54 crew members, including eight women.

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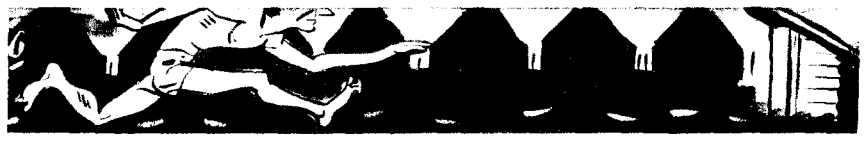
OST CHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U.S.A.

If your contribution misses the mark for any reason, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.



Freely's Law

It is with pardonable pride, I trust, that at last I am able to announce to the armed services, and others, a simple solution to an age-old problem that has vexed humanity since the invention of the bed.

The problem, briefly stated, is: If a soldier is awakened from a sound sleep by a specific warning of nature, when is it safe for him to ignore this warning, turn over and go back to sleep?

A simple analysis of the problem reveals that there are two basic and conflicting forces present. The first we shall call "urgency," or that physiological force that impels a man to heed nature's summons. The second may be termed "resistance," which is opposed to "urgency" and may be defined as that physiological force which causes a man to seek rest and sleep.

Urgency and resistance, moreover, are affected and modified by two other forces, namely: 1. Distance. 2. Atmospheric Temperature.

An arbitrary unit for the measurement of urgency has been universally adopted and termed the "freely," in honor of the discoverer of Freely's Law. The symbol for the freely is "f." The freely may be defined as that amount of urgency force generated by one bottle of beer consumed within two hours of retiring.

With these factors in mind Freely's Law may be stated as follows: "Resistance is directly proportional to the sum of urgency and distance, and inversely proportional to atmospheric temperature."

The law may be stated as a simple equation:

Let f equal urgency measured in freelies.

Let r equal resistance measured in time.

Let d represent distance measured in feet.

Let t represent temperature measured on the centigrade scale.

Thus: $r = \frac{f + d}{t}$

For purposes of illustration to aid the student in solving this problem for himself when occasion demands we shall apply Freely's Law to a typical example: Pvt. Q drinks six bottles of beer at the PX shortly before retiring and awakes at 2 A.M. with an uncomfortable feeling of great urgency. He has also been on KP 16 hours during the day, so that his resistance or desire to sleep is very strong.

He hangs his thermometer out of his barracks window and obtains a reading of 10 below zero, Fahrenheit. This he quickly converts to the centigrade scale by the formula: $c = 5/9\ (F - 32)$ or -23 degrees C.

From previous experience he knows distance d is 500 feet.

Thus again: $r = \frac{f + d}{t}$

Converting the symbols to their numerical equivalents he now has:

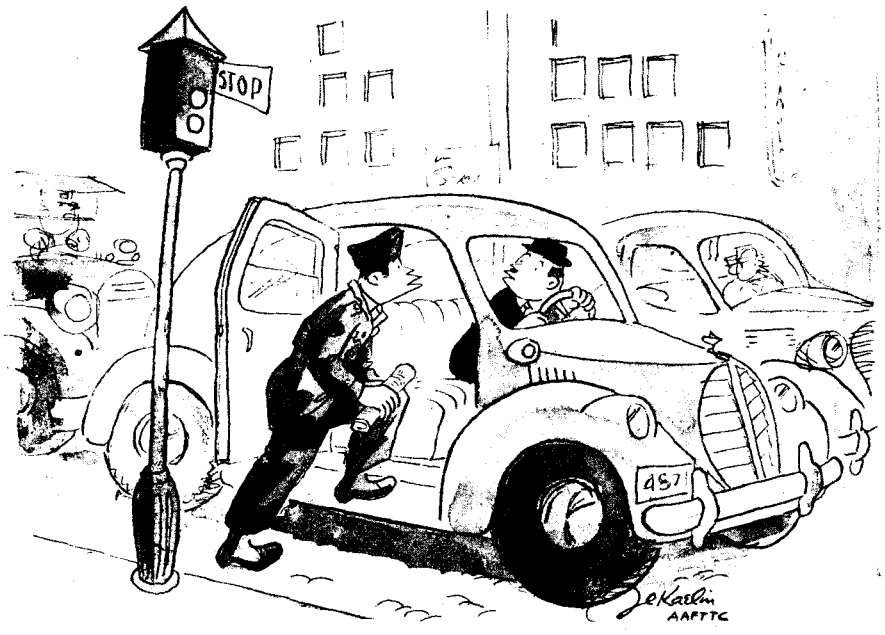
$$r = \frac{f + d}{t} = \frac{6 + 500}{23} = \frac{504}{23} = 22.$$

Therefore r equals 22 minutes or the time that will elapse before Pvt. Q will have reached saturation point.

In this case, however, unfortunately for Pvt. Q, he overlooked one vital factor, the time element necessary for the calculations.

As he had only 22 minutes from the time he began working on the problem and as 23 minutes have already elapsed, we must assume that the experiment was unsuccessful in his case.

—Pfc. KENNETH D. HOLLAND
Truax Field, Wis.



"Thanks mister. I'm Pvt. Beegle. I've been at Camp Callan for 10 months. I like the Army okay. It looks like a long war. No, I don't think we'll get bombed. I'm in favor of cargo planes, and I'm going as far as Fourth and Western."

—Sgt. Al. Kaelin, Tobyanna (Pa.) Army Air Base

MISSING IN ACTION

Dear Bill, I packed your things tonight
Just as you'd want me to;
I'm sure your folks will hold them dear,
They seem a part of you.

Your wrist watch and your fountain pen,
The picture of Marie,
Your diary filled with hopes and dreams
That now can never be.

The playing cards that tell of nights
That we two once did share;
You've cashed your chips, and I must play
A lonesome solitaire.

I never was a man of prayer,
It seemed a waste of time,
But now, alone, I wish to kneel
In humbleness sublime.

"Oh Lord, who knew him more than I,
Wherever he may rest,
Take him where the fallen dwell,
A life in quiet blest.

"Let him know that the fight goes on—
Our bunch moves up today;
We'll carry on till our turn comes,
He's shown us all the way.

"Where'er he lies in endless sleep
Beneath the forest vines,
I'd raise a cross, and on its face
Let history add these lines:

" 'Some have died that the rest might live,
Since early time began;
There rests before you one who was
A soldier and a man.' "

—S/Sgt. TOM PULLIAM
Somewhere in New Guinea

—Sgt. Paul Galdone, Fort Belvoir, Va.

THE ROM's LAMENT

(To the tune of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze")

I

Oh, once I was happy, but now I'm a wreck,
I put in four months at a Radio Tech
And waded through snow from my toes to my neck.
Give ear while an ROM speaks:

REFRAIN:

Oh, I fly through the air in a B-24,
It's loaded with looeys and sergeants galore.
They've all got their ratings, and they'll soon get some more,
But I'm just a plain PFC.
I sit and I sit in my radio shack,
The pilot's in front and the gunner's in back,
But who dodges bullets when the Zeros attack?
And yet I'm a plain PFC.

II

Now they told me: "My boy, you're quite lucky,
"You're learning a valuable trade.
"You should be a sergeant in no time at all,"
But oh what an error they made!

REFRAIN:

Oh, I fly through the air in a B-17,
The pilot is 20, the gunner's 19,
And I'm 26, but whenever I'm seen
I'm still just a plain PFC.

Oh, one day I know, at some not-distant date
A bullet will up through my third vertebrate,
And when I report at that heavenly gate
I'll still be a plain PFC.

—Pvt. DUDLEY M. SHOEMAKER
Sioux Falls (S. Dak.) Army Air Base

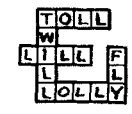
"No, it wasn't an accident. She meant it."

—Ron Bennet S1c, Tongue Point, Oreg.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

Tee-Total Winners

Two contestants hit the stratosphere with scores of 362 in the Mar. 19 Tee-Total Contest. *(See diagram at left.)* A YANK Puzzle Kit is being sent to each winner: Pfc. Homer L. Calkins, Westover Field, Chicopee Falls, Mass., and Pfc. Chas. Pearson, Fort Thomas, Ky.



A puzzle kit also goes to S/Sgt. T. E. Veltfor Jr., Gunter Field, Ala., for his clever descriptive Golf-Log submission: CAMP. 1. DAMP 2. DAMN 3. DAWN 4. DOWN 5. TOWN.

A contest appears in each issue of YANK. Get into the competition, and grab your share of the prizes.

CHECKER STRATEGY

White moves 23 to 19. Black king jumps 16 to 23. (Of course the other jump would mean a cinch draw for White.) White moves 8 to 3 and crowns. Black's only logical course now is to move his king to one of the 3 available squares. White king moves 3 to 7. Black must jump 14 to 23. White king jumps 7 to 14 to 5 . . . and the draw is apparent.

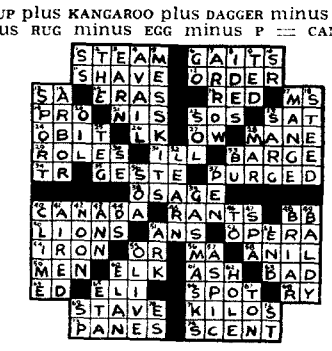
GI Checker Problem: 15-11, 9-14, 7-3, 14-17, 11-8, 4-11, 30-26, 21-30, 3-8, 30-23, 8-13 drawn.

WORD STAGGERS

1. Raided. 2. Brandy. 3. Burden. 4. Armada. 5. Ragged. 6. Arcade. 7. Pardon. 8. Greedy. 9. Remind.

DOUBLE-PUZZLE

CUP plus KANGAROO plus DAGGER minus ROOK minus RUG minus EGG minus P = CANADA.



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SPORTS: AL SIMMONS, AT 40, RETURNS TO THE BIG LEAGUES AND HITS OVER .300 FOR THE RED SOX

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

AL SIMMONS is back in baseball at the age of 40 with an announcement that he is fully resurgent, loaded for bear, and out to rescue the Boston Red Sox outfield. To strengthen this claim he has informed the public that he's in the best shape he's been in for the last five years. This comes as no great surprise since Simmons hasn't been in shape for five years.

In fact, the last time Simmons was in shape was 1938 when he was having his final fling with the Athletics. Even then the spring had gone out of his legs and he was pretty discouraged. Throughout the next few years he remained conscientiously out of condition and finally went off active status in 1941.

Al probably knows better than anybody else how difficult it is for a man of 40 to keep pace with a dashing youngster like outfielder Rocky Garrison, who is 25 years old and full of vitamins. At an age when most ball players have taken up golf, Simmons has been tremendously successful in making a comeback with the Red Sox. He has been hitting well over .300 and covering the outfield like he was motorized. What's more he has earned himself a starting position in left field.

Al himself broke into the majors under the same circumstances. Back in 1928 Connie Mack brought the burly, blacked-eyed Pole in from Milwaukee and arrayed him in the outfield alongside of two ancient sluggers, 45-year-old Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker, 42. As Mack told him: "You will play leftfield, young man, but always feel free to help your companions in centerfield and rightfield."

Those were the happy days when, with the confidence of a Ruth, young Simmons would play the entire outfield and one-half of the infield at the drop of a bat, and sometimes without dropping a bat. Speaker and Cobb still could murder the average fast-ball pitcher, but they couldn't cover ground as they had in their prime. It soon occurred to Simmons that he was running his legs off and getting little credit for it. Everybody watched the great old men, and when they smashed a base hit, the fans immediately ignored their sins in the outfield.

As it turned out, Speaker and Cobb faded fast and Mack replaced them with Bing Miller and Mule Haas. Together with Simmons they powered the As to three pennants and two World Series victories. With only one job on his hands, Simmons blossomed into a real slugger, one of the greatest of his time. He was notorious for terrorizing a pitcher even with one foot planted firmly in the bucket. This didn't disturb Mack, and he never bothered to change Al's stance.

"I don't care if his foot is in the bucket or the dugout," Mack said. "He's a real hitter for my money."

Make no mistake about Al's condition today. He weighed 217 pounds in February when the Red Sox found themselves without Williams, DiMaggio and Finney, and sent out a call for help in the outfield. "Boston was short," Simmons said, "and I was fat." Al went down to Hot Springs, Ark., along with Whit Wyatt of the Dodgers and Al Lopez of the Pirates, and worked down to a trim 195 pounds.

"Wyatt started me out jogging eight laps around the field," Simmons said. "It nearly killed me the first week. Each day we added two more laps until we had finally worked it up to 22 times around. Then I took the Hot Springs baths, which helped me get the kinks out of my legs and put my arms into condition."

Simmons owes most of his excellent physical condition to his very old friend, the very old pitcher, Waite Hoyt, who passed on to him his miracle diet. It consisted of no beer, fruits for breakfast, starches for lunch, and meat—when he could get it—for dinner. This was a bitter diet for an old timer like Simmons who had been used to eating steaks with his eggs in the morning, steaks with his salads at lunch and steaks with potatoes at dinner.

Just the same, Al disciplined himself, lived strictly according to Hoyt, and reported to the Red Sox in remarkably good condition. He wanted to make his way by sheer merit. Sentiment, he learned back in '28, louses up the whole script.

The Yanks are feeling **DiMaggio's** loss already. In the recent Dodger-Yankee exhibition series, **Mickey Owen** scored on **Galan's** short fly to **Roy Weatherly,** who threw wide of the plate. It was a play on which Owen never would have dared to challenge DiMaggio's arm. . . . The Cleveland Indians, with only two regular outfielders in camp, were seriously thinking about sending **Ernie Koy** an offer. They can forget about it now. Koy, who played with the Phils last season, has just been sworn into the Navy.

Between them, the four starting pitchers for the light-legged Cardinals accounted for 51 victories last season. **Mort Cooper** was good for 22, **Lefty Max Lanier** 13, **Harry Gumbert** nine, and **Ernie White** seven. . . . After the war some major league team is sure to come up with a good fast-ball pitcher in **Jack Jennings** of Vanderbilt University. . . . **Nick Etten** figures to drive in about 80 runs as a Yankee, or twice as many as he was good for as a Philly. He will come up more often with men on base, hitting behind guys like **Gordon** and **Keller.** . . . The latest addition to the Washington pitching staff is **Earl Jennings,** a taxicab driver.

When the Boston Braves came to Yankee Stadium for a two-day exhibition stand, **Lefty Gomez,** the former Yankee, wandered into the wrong clubhouse and started to undress. . . . **Hal Newhouser,** the Tiger southpaw, has been warned by doctors to quit baseball because of a serious heart condition. Newhouser recently flunked his second Army physical and was dropped back into 4-F. . . . Manager **Steve O'Neill,** of the Tigers, has instituted a rule against poker playing among his ball players and threatens to sock the first man he catches with a $500 fine. . . . The Cincinnati Reds broke camp at Bloomington, Ind., with everybody in shape except **Bucky Walters.** During the last day at Indiana University, Bucky couldn't resist the temptation offered by a lonesome high hurdle in the field house and tried to clear it. He fell first on his left ear and then on his left ankle. Now he's hobbling around with the ankle badly sprained.

Roster of the CINCINNATI REDS

This is the first in a series of four team rosters of the leading National League pennant contenders.

PITCHERS	Bats	Thrs.	Hgt.	Wgt.	Home Town	Club. 1942.	G.	W.	L.
Beggs, Joseph	R	R	6:01½	190	Aliquippa, Pa.	Cincinnati	38	6	5
Heusser, Edward	R-L	R	6:01	192	Murray, Utah	Los Angeles	9	2	3
						Birmingham	25	12	6
Malloy, Robert	R	R	5:11	185	Canonsburg, Pa.	Birmingham	39	13	13
Riddle, Elmer	R	R	5:11½	173	Columbus, Ga.	Cincinnati	29	7	11
Shoun, Clyde	L	L	6:01	188	Mountain City, Tenn.	Cincinnati	34	1	3
Starr, Raymond	R	R	6:01	185	Nowata, Okla.	Cincinnati	37	15	13
Stone, Vernon	R	R	6:00	200	Redding, Calif.	Birmingham	43	12	10
Vander Meer, John	R	L	6:00	190	Prospect Park, N. J.	Cincinnati	33	18	12
Walters, William	R	R	6:01½	185	Philadelphia, Pa.	Cincinnati	34	15	14
CATCHERS							G.	Ave.	RBI.
DePhillips, Anthony	R	R	6:02	185	New York City	Vol. Retired	..	...	..
Lakeman, Albert	R	R	6:02	195	Cincinnati, O.	Syracuse	56	.216	27
Mueller, Ray	R	R	5:10	175	Pittsburg, Kans.	Sacramento	166	.297	102
West, Richard	R	R	6:01	188	Louisville, Ky.	Cincinnati	33	.177	8
INFIELDERS									
Conway, John	R	R	5:11	160	San Antonio, Tex.	Birmingham	153	.277	54
Frey, Linus	L	R	5:10	160	St. Louis, Mo.	Cincinnati	141	.266	39
Haas, Berthold	R	R	5:11	180	Naperville, Ill.	Cincinnati	154	.239	54
McCormick, Frank	R	R	6:04	205	New York City	Cincinnati	145	.277	89
Mesner, Steve	R	R	5:09	180	Los Angeles, Calif.	Sacramento	178	.301	74
Miller, Edward	R	R	5:10	185	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Boston N.	142	.244	47
Williams, Woodrow	R	R	6:00	175	Pamplin, Va.	Syracuse	153	.270	39
OUTFIELDERS									
Crabtree, Estel	L	R	6:00	168	Lucasville, Ohio	St. Louis	10	.333	1
Kelleher, Frank	R	R	6:01	195	San Francisco, Calif.	Newark	88	.295	86
						Cincinnati	38	.182	12
Luken, Ed	L	L	5:10	168	Burgettstown, Pa.	Columbus	134	.259	65
Marshall, Milo Max	L	R	6:01	180	Shenandoah, Iowa	Cincinnati	131	.255	43
McCormick, Myron	R	R	6:00	190	Angel's Camp, Calif.	Cincinnati	40	.237	11
Sauer, Henry	R	R	6:03½	202	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Syracuse	82	.213	44
Tipton, Eric	R	R	5:11	190	Petersburg, Va.	Kansas City	91	.305	44
						Cincinnati	63	.222	18
Walker, Gerald	R	R	5:11	190	Gulfport, Miss.	Cincinnati	119	.230	50

JOHN (HANS) LOBERT—Coach WILLIAM B. McKECHNIE—Manager ESTEL CRABTREE—Coach

NATIONAL SERVICE LIST—Hank Gowdy, George Burpo, Ewell Blackwell, Clyde Vollmer, Ben Zientara, Jim Prendergast, Ray Lamanno, Bob Adams, Eddie Shokes, Mike Dejan, Ken Polivka, Clayton Lambert, Frank Baumholz, Worthington Day, Jack Cassini, Cecil Scheffel, Charles Brewster.

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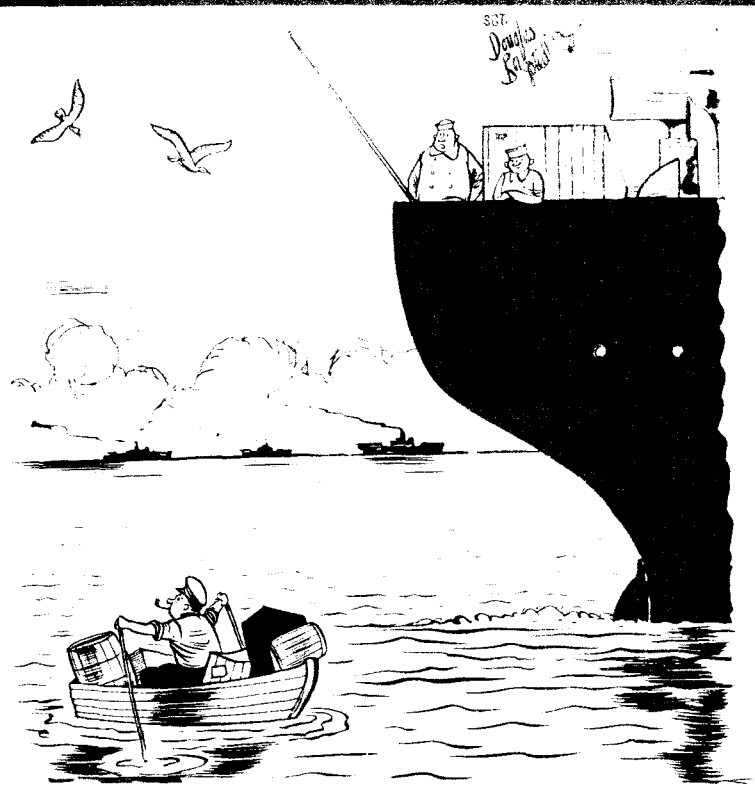
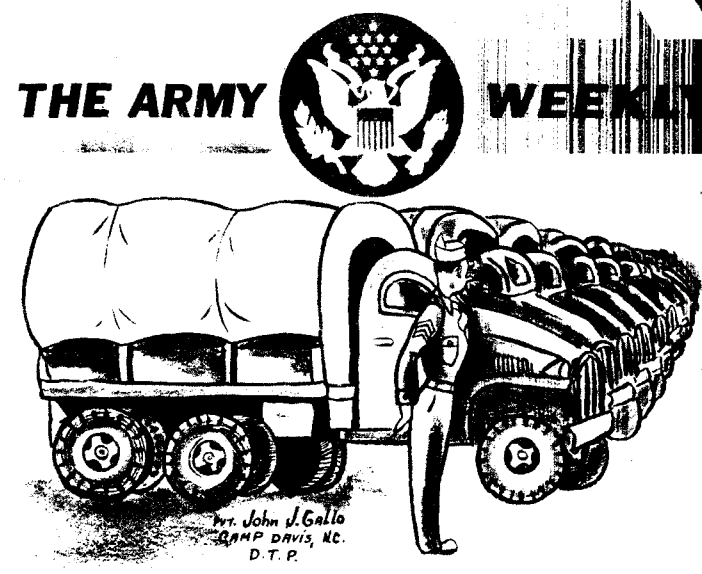


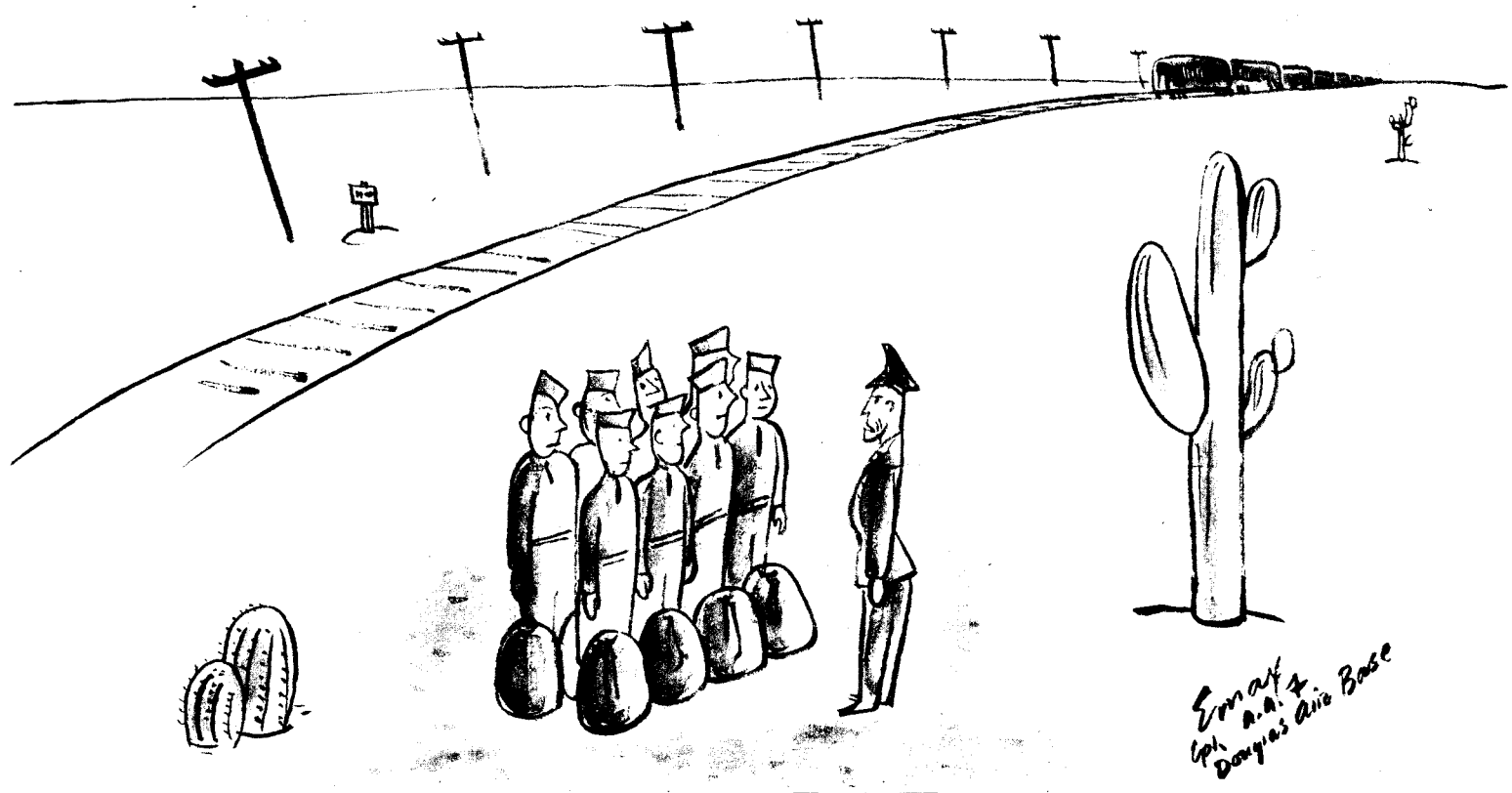
THIS BUSINESS OF KEEPING PACE WITH THE SLOWEST BOAT IN THE CONVOY CAN BE CARRIED TOO FAR."

—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt



"HOLD IT!"

—Pvt. John J. Gallo, Camp Davis, N. C.



"FALL OUT, BUT DON'T LEAVE THE AREA."

Cpl. E. Maxwell, Douglas (Ariz.) Army Air Base

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—Pvt. Tom Creem, New Guinea

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